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VALLEY, PLAIN AND PEAK.

FROM
MIDLAND LAKES
TO
WESTERN OCEAN
BY THE
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

VALLEY, PLAIN AND PEAK

"The earth was made so various
That the mind of desultory men,
Studious of change and pleased with variety,
Might be indulged."—COWPER.

SCENES ON THE LINE
OF THE
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
OFFICE OF GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT.
1894.

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By F. I. WHITNEY, General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
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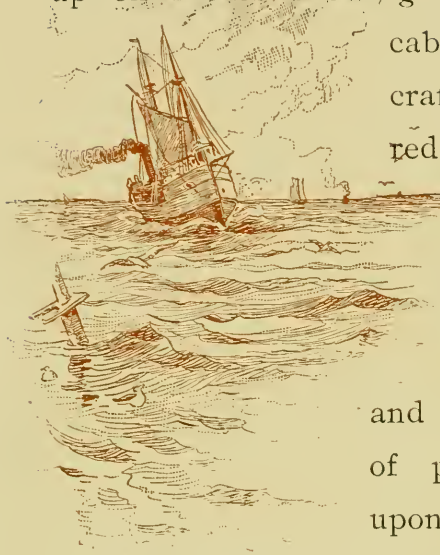
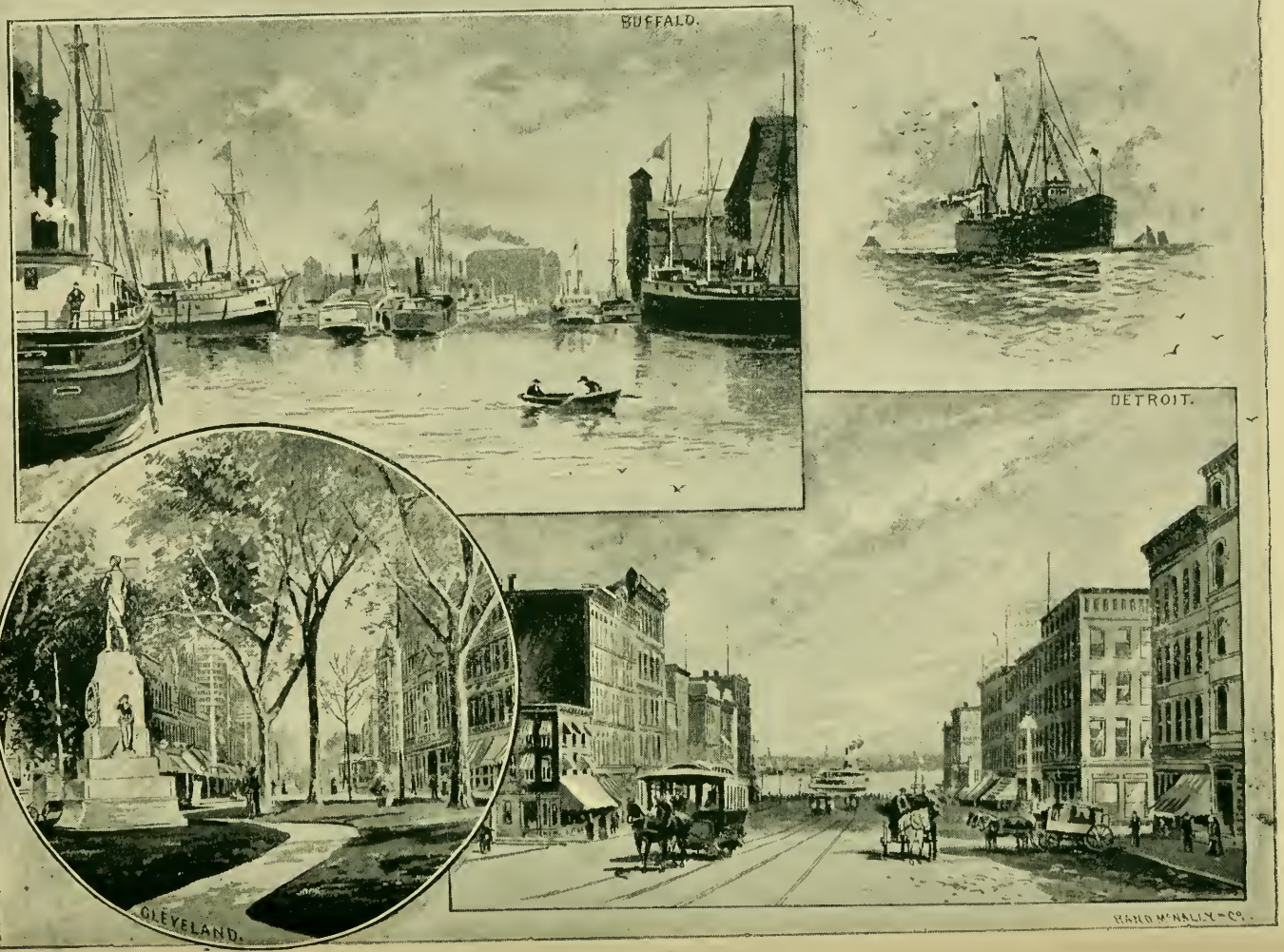
TO MANY persons the country west of Chicago is still a hazy geographical proposition, and St. Paul and Minneapolis, those posts in the gateway to an empire, seem on the confines of civilization ; while to those less informed the words Minnesota, Montana, Washington, which represent new and powerful States, may mean some new patent medicine or the name of a race-horse.

It seems but yesterday that "Beyond the Mississippi" was a dimly known region, lying off toward the sunset ; and to-day that the locomotive had just entered the vast solitude and scattered population and prosperity in its wake.

The mission of this little work is to present a few impressions of the country beyond the Mississippi, as traversed by the Great Northern Railway for thousands of miles, in a belt of States pulsating with life and growing under the spur of steam and electricity.

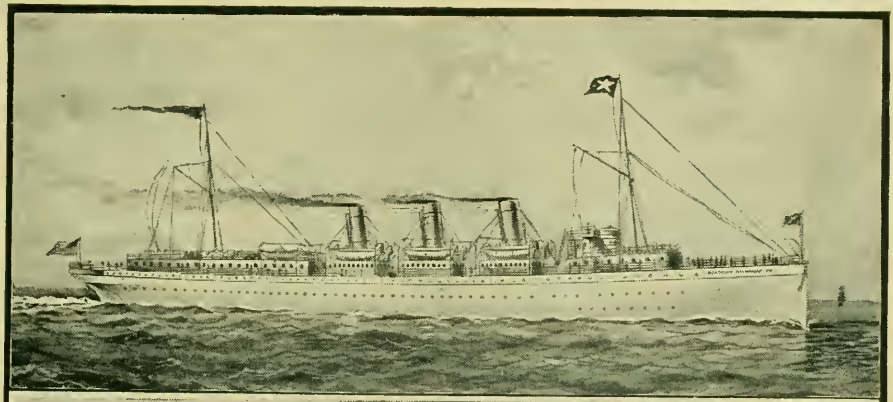
A CENTURY ago the Great Lakes possessed no less surface than to-day. Their waves rolled up on shores showing at rare intervals a settler's cabin or a scattered village. No craft save the frail canoe of the red man skimmed the white waves, and no sails mirrored themselves in the bright waters. To-day, girdled by smart towns and splendid cities, with millions of people tributary, they bear upon their bosoms an enormous commerce, and the prows of a thousand ships fret the waters day and night. Steamships these days carry the tourist with almost railway speed. The magnificent "North West" and "North Land" of the Northern Steamship Company cut through twenty miles of water an hour between Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and the "Zenith Cities of the Unsalted Seas"— Duluth and West Superior — there to connect with cars that hurry away to the western ocean to meet the ships of Alaska and Asia.

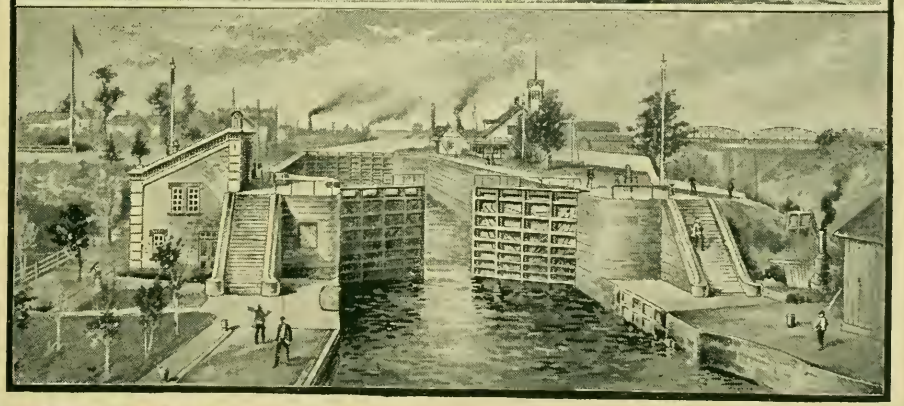



BUFFALO.
DETROIT.
CLEVELAND.
RAND McNALLY & CO.

THE ocean-like endlessness, majesty, and power of Lake Superior has gained it the deserved title of "Brother of the Sea." Its waters enter Huron through the St. Marie River, in which there is a fall of eighteen feet, around which is the canal and lock, known as Sault Ste. Marie, or "Soo Saint Mary," or to be brief, the "Soo." This canal has the largest yearly tonnage of any in the world, its trade having been augmented by the freight business of the Northern Steamship Company in 1888, and by passenger service in 1894 with the most modern specimens of marine architecture on either fresh or salted seas. In constructing the "North West" and "North Land" nothing was overlooked that the minds of masterful designers could conjure, with plenty of means to support them in working out magnificent results.

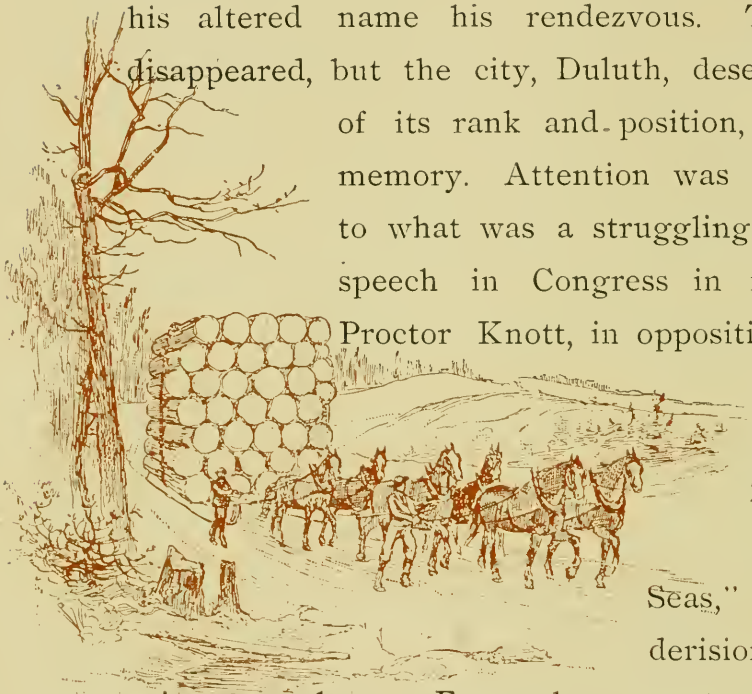
These splendid steamships are each 386 feet long, 44 feet wide, 34 feet deep, and accommodate 544 first-class passengers, 214 second-class, and a crew of 144 persons. The furniture, carpets, draperies, china, glassware, linen, etc., are all of special design. Steam is furnished by twenty-eight non-explosive steel boilers, and two quadruple expansion engines work the screws which give the ship a speed of twenty miles an hour. The electric dynamos furnish light for 1,500 lamps and a 90,000 candle-power searchlight, and currents for ingenious electrical appliances to unite staterooms, cabins, and offices. The domestic and dining service equals those of the finest hotels.

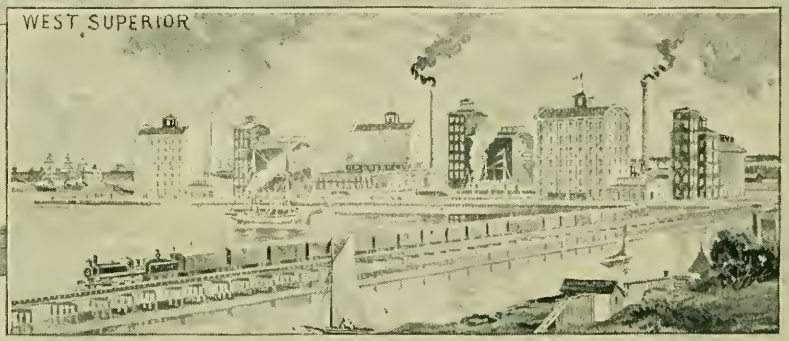


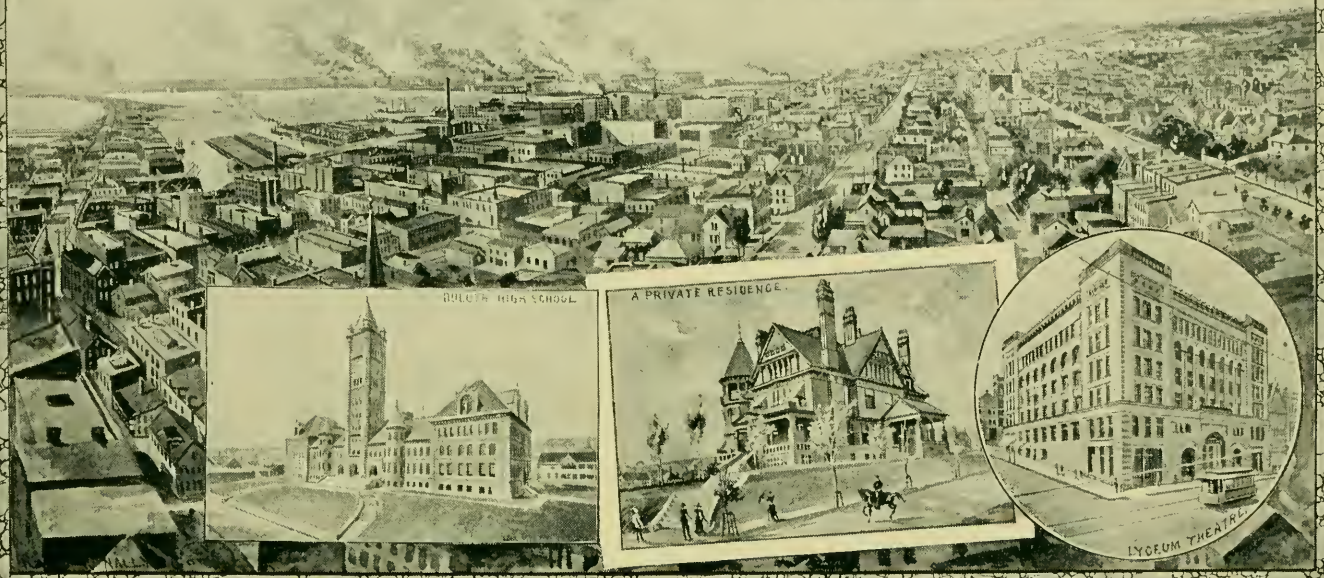


STEAMSHIP "NORTH WEST," ST. CLAIR FLATS, AND SAULT STE. MARIE LOCKS.

DU LUHT was the way he spelled it in 1679, when, with his *coureurs des bois*, or rangers of the woods, he made the rugged locality now bearing his altered name his rendezvous. The man has disappeared, but the city, Duluth, deservedly proud of its rank and position, bears him in memory. Attention was first attracted to what was a struggling village, by a speech in Congress in 1870, from J. Proctor Knott, in opposition to a railway land grant. "The Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas," spoken in derision, was unconscious prophecy. From the mere town "just lying around loose" in 1880, it has grown to a city of 60,000, and with its busy, growing, and energetic sister-city of West Superior across the bay, enjoys a lake traffic running into millions of tons annually. It is the last seaport in the shortest journey from Europe to Asia, and the first water connection with the Atlantic from Asia to Europe.



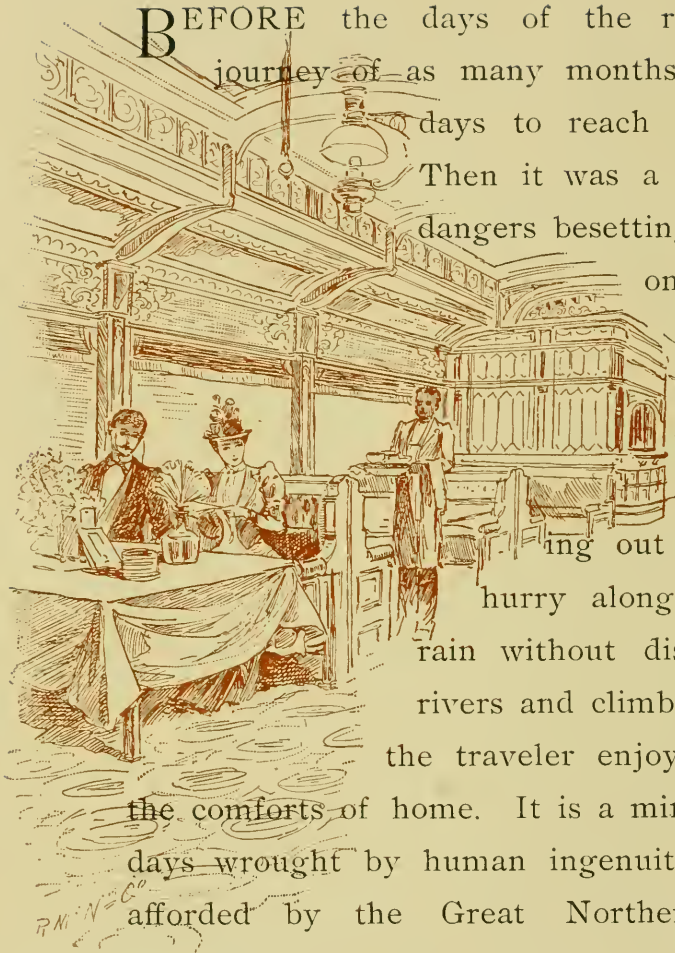

WEST SUPERIOR



DULUTH HIGH SCHOOL

A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

LYCEUM THEATRE



BEFORE the days of the railway, it was a journey of as many months as it now takes days to reach the Pacific Coast. Then it was a perilous trip, with dangers besetting the wagon trains on every side. Now the railway cars, with the iron horse in front, his cyclopean eye shining out into the darkness, hurry along against wind or rain without dismay, leaping the rivers and climbing the mountains, the traveler enjoying the while all the comforts of home. It is a miracle of these later days wrought by human ingenuity. Of the service afforded by the Great Northern, Vice-President Stevenson has this to say in an interview:

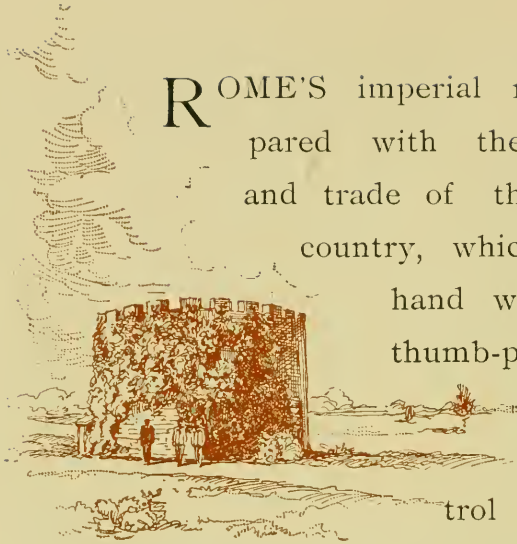
"The passenger service on the road is equal to the best in the land, not to speak of the buffet car, which, in itself, is one of the greatest conveniences to tourists in making long journeys I ever enjoyed, and I am surprised it has not been adopted by other Pacific lines. So elaborate and complete are its accommodations that a man hardly realizes that he is traveling. It is a comfortable thing to find a library of books, and tables spread with magazines, daily papers, and writing materials, easy chairs, a bath-room, a barber shop, and smoking-rooms. It really seems as though a man had left his home and gone to his club, to step aboard this car. It is club-life carried throughout the journey."

GREAT NORTHERN BUFFET-LIBRARY-OBSERVATION CAR.

ST. PAUL, the capital of Minnesota, stands on a series of terraces overlooking the Mississippi River at the head of navigation; is the focus of immense railway systems extending in every direction, the center of an enormous wholesale and retail trade, and contains numerous large manufacturing concerns. The Mission of St. Paul was founded in 1841; in 1846 a post office was established; the following year the town of St. Paul was platted. Beautiful in situation and surroundings, and blest with an invigorating climate, this northern capital has drawn to its gates an enterprising and cultivated population, in 1894 numbering 175,000.

"I do not see why St. Paul should not become one of the notably most beautiful cities in the world. * * * Summit Avenue is literally a street of palaces. * * * It is not easy to recall a street and a view anywhere finer than this, and this is only one of the streets conspicuous for handsome houses."—*Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.*

VIEW OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, FROM THE RIVER.



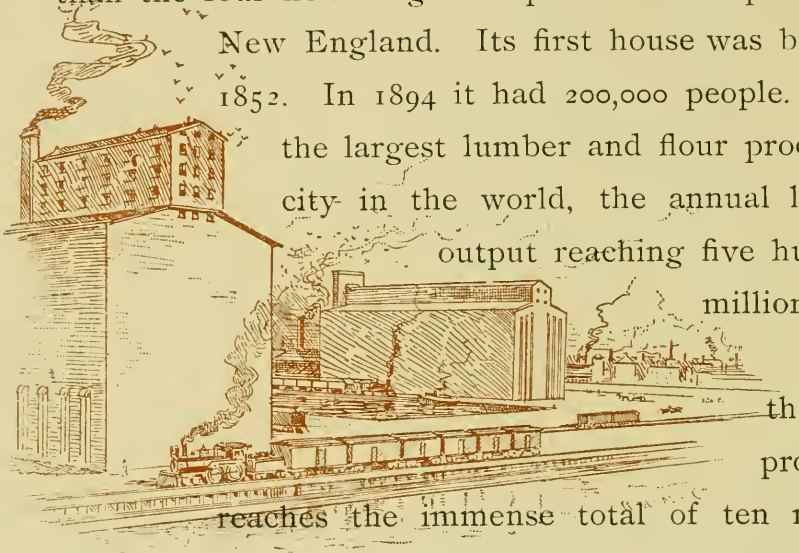
ROME'S imperial roads were by-paths compared with the iron arteries of travel and trade of the upper corner of our country, which so resemble a human hand with fingers outspread, the thumb-point at Lake Superior, the wrist at St. Paul and Minneapolis, which cities control the fingers that grasp the commerce of the whole vast Northwest.

This double metropolis and this trade have their own seaports at Duluth and West Superior, the twins of Lake Superior, while at the Twin Cities the navigation of the Mississippi begins or ends. Within the limits of the two, whose interests are so identical, are 375,000 people. Their places of trade are palaces, and like their colleges, schools, homes, parks, and streets, scarce have rivals. Their hotels meet every demand of luxury, taste, and comfort. Indeed, Western city caravansaries and village taverns alike inspire by their hospitality the sentiment voiced by Shenstone:

"Who'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

HOTEL RYAN.
THE WINDSOR.
MERCHANTS HOTEL

MINNEAPOLIS is centered around the Falls of Saint Anthony, which affords more water-power than the four next largest improved water-powers in New England. Its first house was built in 1852. In 1894 it had 200,000 people. It is the largest lumber and flour producing city in the world, the annual lumber output reaching five hundred million feet, while the flour produced reaches the immense total of ten million barrels. With 600 factories, making over 225 separate articles, it ranks seventh among the manufacturing cities of the country. It is noted for spacious streets, fine parks, large business blocks, and beautiful homes. The Great Northern Railway crosses the Mississippi at Minneapolis on a stone arch bridge in full view of the falls and the largest flouring mills in the world.



"I can not force Minneapolis to challenge the world to produce her equal, but it seems to me that it will be difficult to find another influential trading and manufacturing city that is so peculiarly a city of homes, the pleasantest and most nearly perfect place for residence of all the cities I have seen in my country."—*Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.*

RAND M'NALLY & CO.'S

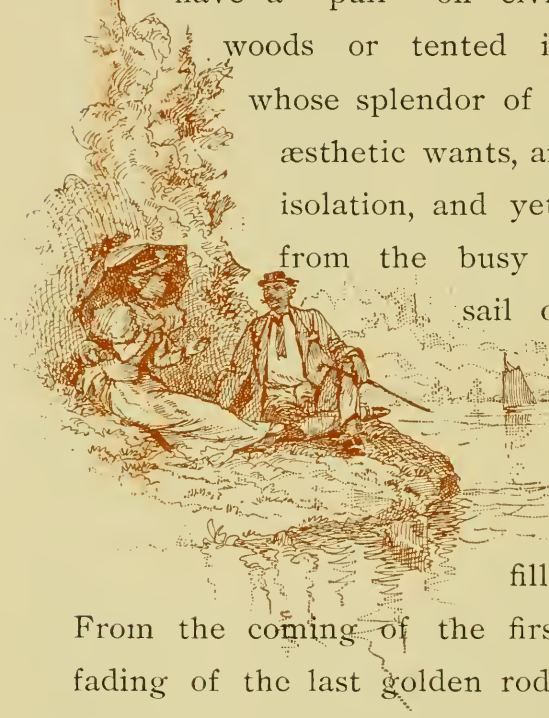
WEST HOTEL.

NICOLLET HOUSE.

LAKE MINNETONKA is reached by two branches of the Great Northern from Minneapolis, one along the south shore to Hopkins, Excelsior, Zumbra, and Coney Island, and the other along the north shore to Wayzata, Minnetonka Beach (Hotel Lafayette), and Spring Park (Hotel del Otero). Lake Minnetonka in a direct line is less than fifteen miles long, but its numerous bays, inlets, and arms give a shore line of over 150 miles, attractive with trees, lawns, and cottages. It is a famous yachting resort and has more fine sailing and steam crafts than any other lake in the Northwest. The outlet is Minnehaha (Laughing Water) Creek, which contains the falls made famous by Longfellow's poem. Hotel Lafayette is the most palatial summer resort west of the Mississippi. It contains five acres of floor surface, and every window faces the water.

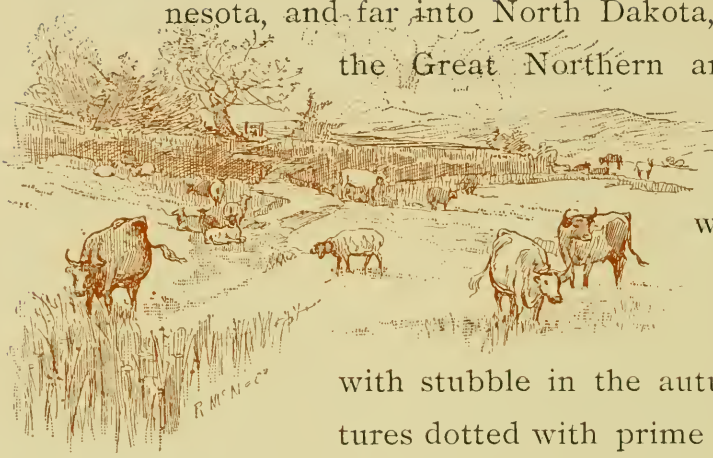
"Lake Minnetonka, naturally surpassingly lovely, has become, by immense expenditures of money, perhaps the most attractive summer resort in the Northwest."—*Ernest Ingersoll in Outing.*

HOTEL LAFAYETTE, LAKE MINNETONKA, MINNESOTA.



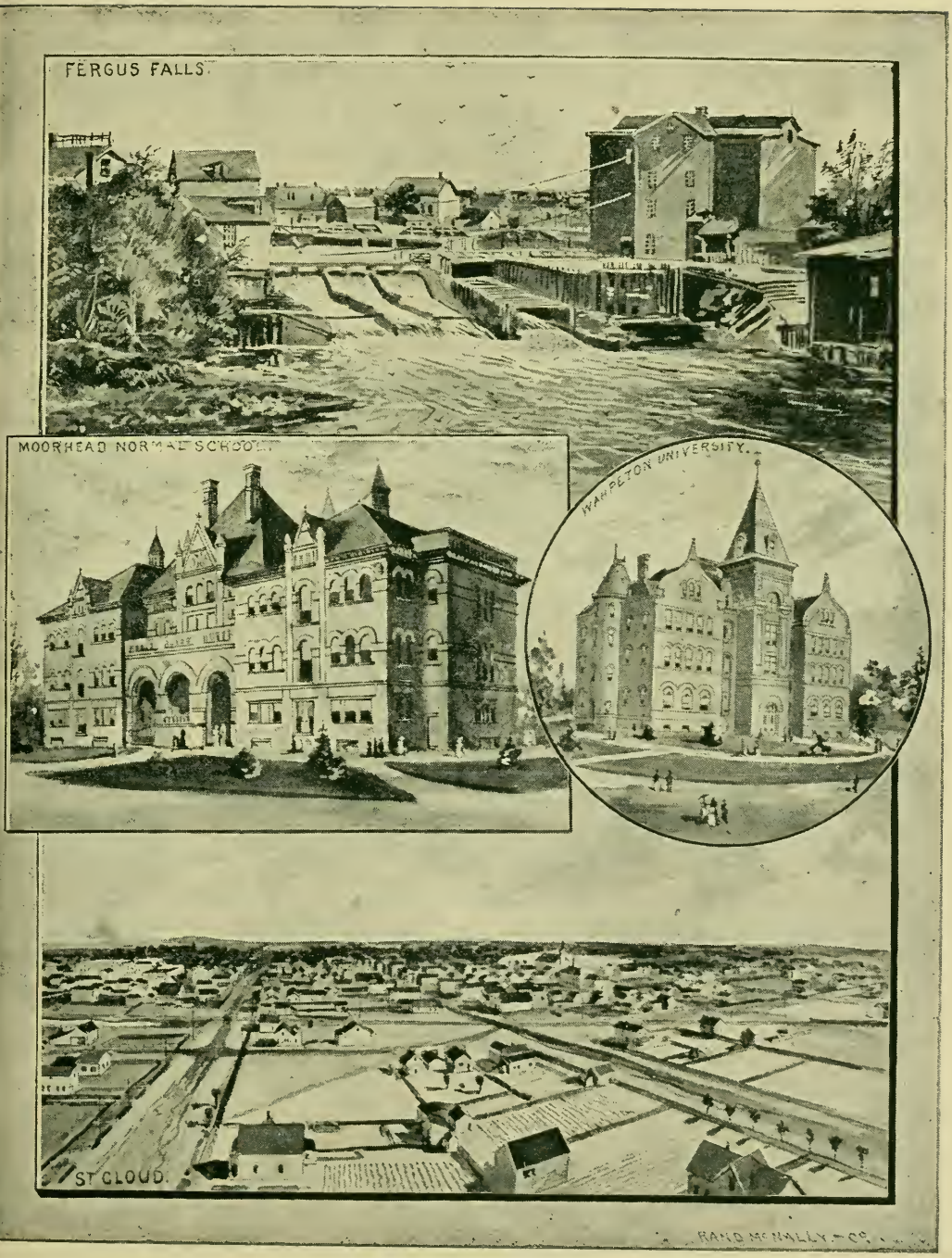
THE MINNESOTA PARK Region is where you have a "pull" on civilization, even in deep woods or tented in quiet shore nooks, whose splendor of scenic environment fills æsthetic wants, and one enjoys complete isolation, and yet be only a short walk from the busy town, or a half-hour's sail or row from a sumptuous hotel. To call the roll of resorts along the Great Northern would be to fill this page with names. From the coming of the first spring violet to the fading of the last golden rod in the brown autumn, life in "cotton-houses" can be made a constant round of delights. Beyond the Park Region is the country around the source of the Mississippi, where the country is still wilder, where one can drop a line in any stream and something will rise to it, while skill with the gun will bring proud trophies. Farther north and east is the Rainy Lake region and Lake Superior, a treasury of wealth for those who deal in the products of the wilderness.

ON LAKE MINNETONKA, MINNESOTA.



FOR hundreds of miles from St. Paul through Minnesota, and far into North Dakota, the trains of the Great Northern are rarely out of sight of fields green with grain in the spring and golden with stubble in the autumn, and pastures dotted with prime cattle, horses, and sheep. The wonder is constant alike at the richness of the soil, the beauty of the valley prairie, interspersed with pretty villages, forest groves, and lakes which stand out on the landscape like gems, at the abundance of the harvests, and what the people do with all their crops and live stock.

At various points along the Mississippi, between Minneapolis and St. Cloud, large rafts of logs from the forests of the upper river and tributaries are seen either in booms along shore or leisurely floating to the mills. From St. Cloud the train runs 100 miles through the Lake Park region, to Fergus Falls, where the Red River begins its descent into that noted valley.



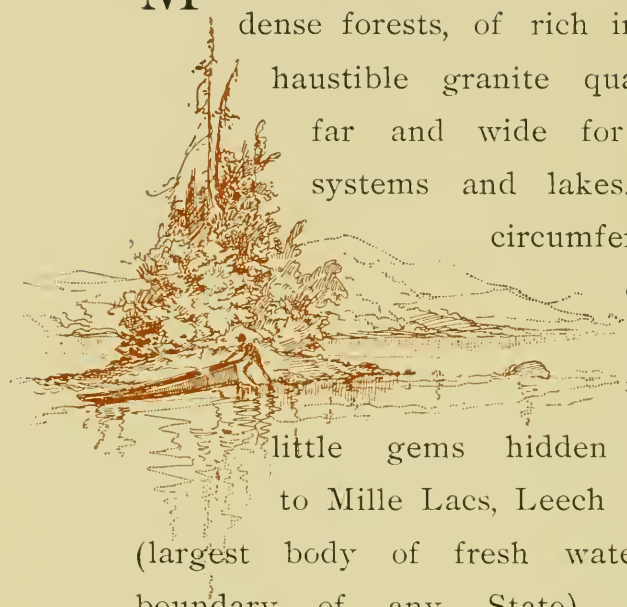
NORTHWESTERN CITIES.

ALEXANDRIA, the seat of justice of Douglas County, Minn., is a little city fairly hemmed in with water. Lakes are in sight in every direction — little gems such as New Englanders would call ponds — teeming with lilies, and fringed about with wild rice; the feeding and breeding grounds of wild ducks and geese. Directly east of Alexandria there is a chain of ten or twelve lakes, connected by channels, affording a variety for fishermen and sportsmen hardly equaled in any similar area in the country. There are several club houses on the shores of these lakes, occupied during the warm season by parties from Eastern and Southern cities. The town contains excellent hotels, and camping grounds are numerous.

"Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing; listen, ere the sound is fled,
And learn there may be worship without words."

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA.

FROM LAKE MILTONA.

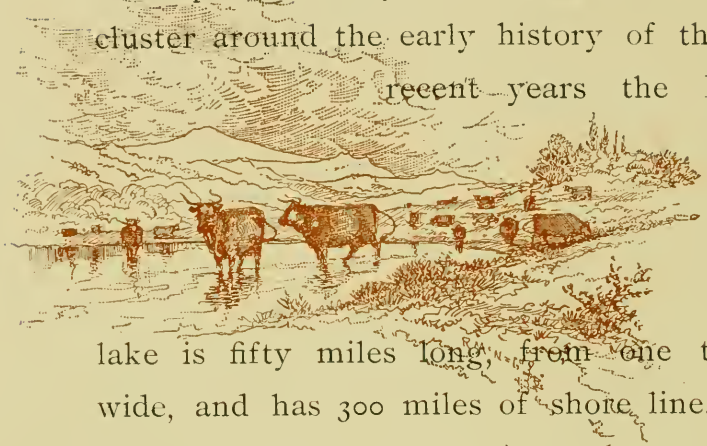


MINNESOTA is a State of broad grain-fields, of dense forests, of rich iron mines, and inexhaustible granite quarries, and is famed far and wide for its charming river systems and lakes. From center to circumference its face is dimpled with beautiful sheets of water, varying in size from little gems hidden among the leaves to Mille Lacs, Leech Lake, and Red Lake (largest body of fresh water solely within the boundary of any State), whose wide sweep carries the thither shore beyond the line of the horizon; or like Minnetonka, whose waters are plowed by steamers carrying happy excursionists or visitors flying from the heat of cities. The interior points on the Great Northern — Anoka, St. Cloud, Fergus Falls, Crookston, Moorhead, Breckenridge, Morris, Benson, Willmar, Marshall, and Pipestone — may not abound with heroic reminiscences of the *past*, but they are blessed with the prosperity of the *present*, and shine with golden promise of *future* growth and well-doing.

FARGO — CROOKSTON — GRAND FORKS.

COMMISSIONERS to the World's Fair from twenty foreign countries, and speaking sixteen different languages, took a look at the farming districts of Minnesota and North Dakota in the autumn of 1893, as guests of the Great Northern Railway. They expressed surprise at the agricultural thrift and prosperity, and wondered at the large proportion of educated and cultivated people they met in the villages and on the farms, comparing most favorably with country life in European countries. The secret of this is that the Northwest is largely composed of transplanted communities, the railways having taken people there by the wholesale. The Northwest knows nothing of the frontier life that lasted for a generation in the valley of Mississippi before the era of railways. Towns and cities spring up like magic in the new West. Grain elevators seem to stand everywhere along the horizon, like ships at sea. This view was taken at Larimore, N. D., where the commissioners saw sixty-five self-binders cutting wheat in a single field.

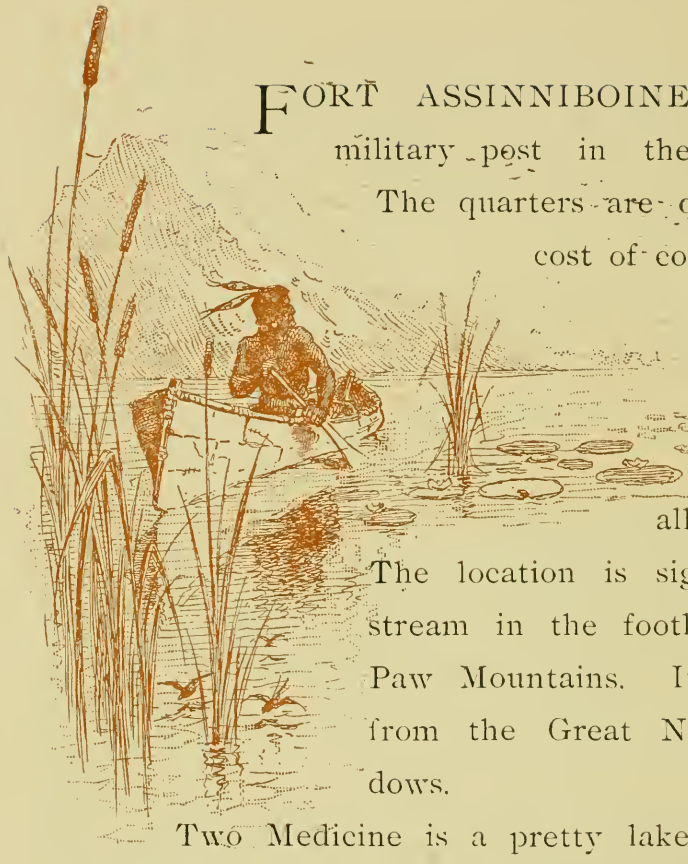
DEVILS LAKE is the English rendering of the Indian word Minnewaukan, or "Water of the Bad Spirit." Many interesting and romantic stories cluster around the early history of the lake. Until recent years the Indians would not navigate it, owing to fear of the bad spirit. The lake is fifty miles long, from one to eight miles wide, and has 300 miles of shore line. Fort Totten, a small government post, is on the south shore, in the Cuthead Sioux Indian reservation. The Indians are well advanced in civilized habits, but tourists will find much primitive life among them. In the recent past this region was populous with buffaloes; then the hide-hunters came, and turned the wide prairie steppe into an altar of slaughter, from whence bleached bones have been gathered by hundreds of cars. The day of the buffalo and Indian is past — like a story ended. In this part of North Dakota, wild ducks and geese congregate in countless numbers during their spring and autumn flights, and sportsmen never go away empty handed.



PLOWING IN DAKOTA.

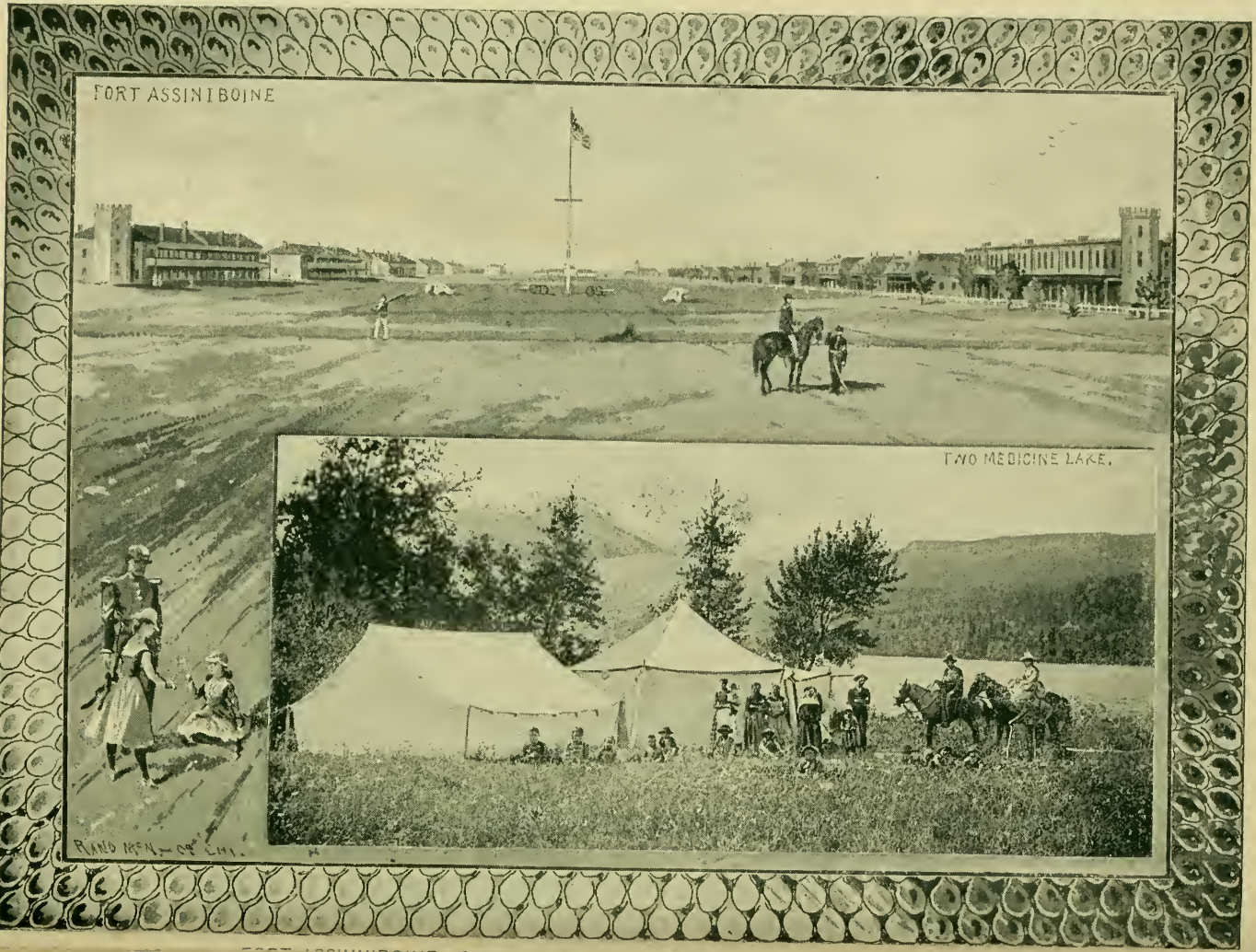
THE man whose geographical knowledge is that of the school-book of a dozen years ago feels a sense of deficiency when from the cars of the Great Northern he catches glimpses for hundreds of miles of the rivers Milk, Flathead, Kootenai, and Pend d' Oreille, each larger than any stream in New England, each larger than the Hudson, and of which he never heard before his visit. He sees "bands" of sheep, cattle, and horses grazing the nutritious grasses, wandering about without seeming ownership, and learns with surprise that they attain maturity and go to market without ever having other shelter than the sky, or food other than the native grasses. He learns, too, that the surrounding mountains and hills are veritable treasure-houses of royal ores, and that prospectors, lured on by hopes of fortune, "tour" the steeps and out-of-way places, in fascinating and often unrewarded search for the "glittering dross that moveth nations."

WOOL WAGONS AT FORT BENTON.



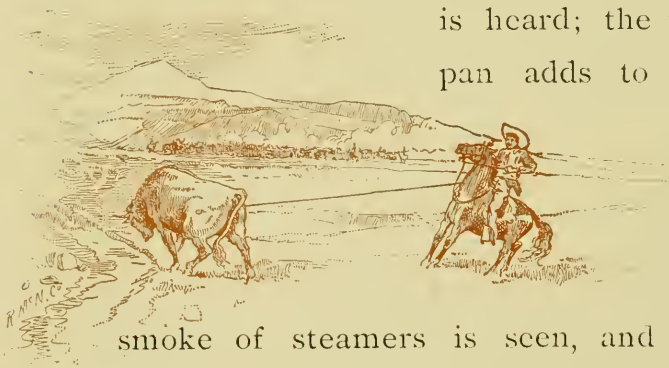
FORT ASSINNIBOINE is the largest military post in the United States. The quarters are of brick, and the cost of construction to 1894 amounts to more than $2,000,000. A full regiment of troops is usually stationed there. The location is sightly, on a clear stream in the foothills of the Bear Paw Mountains. It is in full view from the Great Northern car windows.

Two Medicine is a pretty lake nestling in the eastern slope of the Rockies, near Midvale Station. The story of the name is that many years ago the Blackfoot tribe had a civil war and the two factions agreed to a council on the shores of the lake, each party erecting its own medicine lodge. Peace was agreed upon, and the name attaches to the lake and to the two streams leading away from it to Marias River, so named by Lewis and Clarke, in honor of Maria, the wife of a member of their party.


FORT ASSINIBOINE
TWO MEDICINE LAKE.
RAND MCN & CO CHI.

"In pathless woods where rolls the Oregon,
And hears no sound save its own dashings."

IT WAS years ago that Bryant penned these lines of what is now the Columbia, America's second largest river. The familiar words of Thanatopsis have so fastened themselves upon the public mind that one needs to visit the region of the river to divest himself of the impression that all is still solitude. The railway is out there now and made a path for itself; the ax of the wood-chopper is heard; the rattle of the gold pan adds to the din, for the sand of the river and its tributaries is rich with the yellow dust; the smoke of steamers is seen, and the rolling water has been harnessed to machinery, and water is being lifted up over the land to give life to orchards and gardens. The "round-ups" become less frequent as range cattle give way to blooded stock, and instead of beef only, butter, cheese, and other dairy products are becoming the staples derived from the cattle industry, from the Red River to the Columbia.



CATTLE RANCH IN MONTANA.

GREAT FALLS has its name from the great falls of the Missouri River, first made known through the explorations of Lewis and Clarke. The city has many important industries scattered along a water-power sufficient to turn the wheels of a nation's machinery, and generates enough electricity for a continent's use. The river has a width of 2,800 feet opposite the city front, but narrows to 1,000 feet a half-mile below, preparatory to the first leap in the series of falls, the aggregate plunge amounting to 520 feet. Close to the first, or Black Eagle Falls, a giant spring bursts from the bank twenty feet above the river, in volume sufficient to make a stream 200 feet wide and five feet deep. Rainbow Falls, the prettiest of the number, has a drop of full fifty feet, and ranks next to the Great Falls, where the mighty stream leaps ninety feet. Unlike the turbid river it becomes in the prairie States the water here is clear. From one point of observation three different falls, the giant spring, and five ranges of mountains can be seen.

"It is altogether a wild and splendid spectacle."—*Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.*

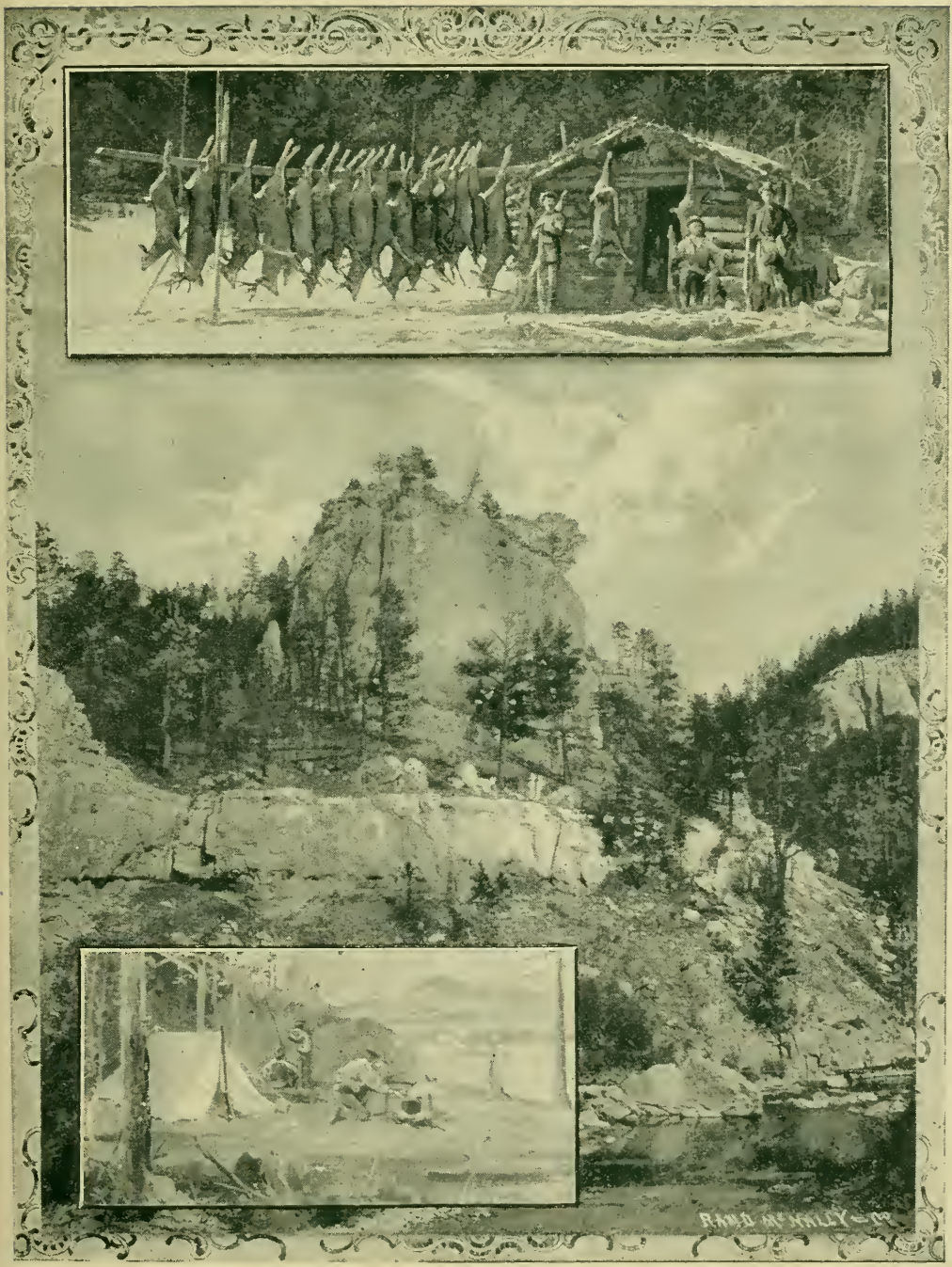
GREAT FALLS 92 FT.

BLACK EAGLE FALLS.

ALONG the branch railway leading from Great Falls into the Neihart and Barker mining region, thence to White Sulphur Springs and the Judith Basin, the student will find the whole story of the creation lying open like a book. The crust of the earth is exposed in strata, showing how the foundations were laid, and how they were upheaved and submerged; how the summits were lifted up, the canyons cut, the foothills formed, and the water-courses established. On the tops of the high cliffs are marine shells of ancient seas. Buried in the canyons are fossil remains of strange and uncouth monsters of the early ages.

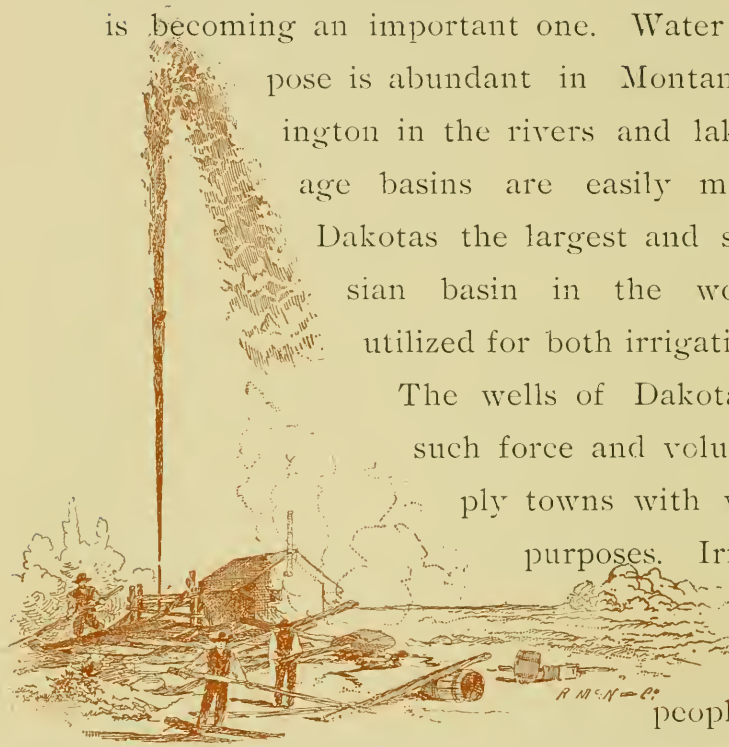
"There once was an Ichthyosaurus
Who lived when the earth was porous,
But he fainted with shame
When he first heard his name,
And departed a long time before us."

The canyon is so narrow that the miners call it "The Sluice Box," and the train moving through it shifts the views like scenes of the stereopticon.



BELT RIVER VALLEY IN BIG BELT MOUNTAINS, MONTANA.

THE question of artificially supplying moisture to crops in the western half of the United States is becoming an important one. Water for this purpose is abundant in Montana and Washington in the rivers and lakes, and storage basins are easily made. In the Dakotas the largest and strongest artesian basin in the world is being utilized for both irrigation and power. The wells of Dakota are often of such force and volume as to supply towns with water for fire purposes. Irrigation is no new problem, for half of the people of the earth live on foods raised by this method. The farmer of irrigated districts does not wait for rain when his crops are dry; he uses water at will.

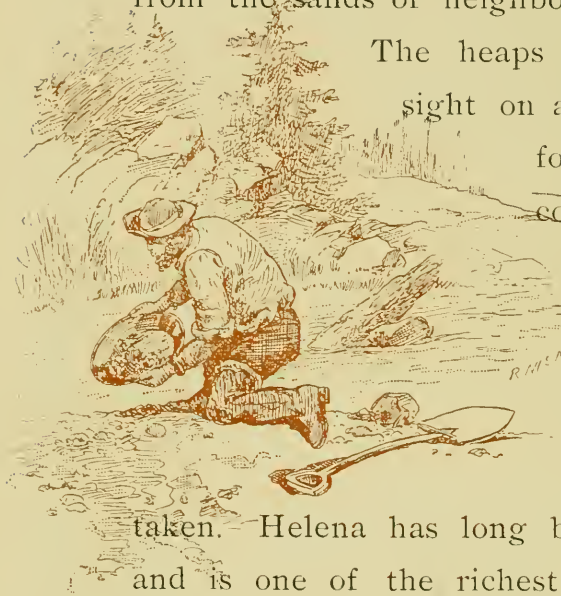


"Mighty as has been our past our resources have just been touched upon, and there is wealth beyond the Mississippi which, in the not distant future, will astonish even the dwellers by Lake Michigan. * * My waking dreams have been filled with visions of the incalculable wealth which the touch of water will bring to life from those great uncultivated plains toward the Pacific. The same power which wastes millions on the Mississippi can be utilized to make the desert bloom with the homes of men, and bring forth the fruits of the Garden of Eden."—*Thos. B. Reed, at Pittsburg*, April, 1894.

IRRIGATION SCENE NEAR GREAT FALLS MONTANA

AT GREAT FALLS we are 1,082 miles from St. Paul, and have traversed the longest and best stretch of low-grade roadway in the United States. Departing from the Falls City, with its silver and copper smelters and bustling activity, the Sun River is crossed, and the train takes its way along the banks of the Missouri. A massive granite wall stands in front; a mighty crevice in the mountainous uplift permits the passage of the river—it is the "Gate of the Mountain." The river is navigable above this break in the rocky wall for 200 miles to the junction of the three rivers forming the Missouri. Leaving the river, the train enters Prickly Pear Canyon, and pursues its way in the midst of wild and exhilarating scenery to Helena, the capital of Montana. It is a marvelously picturesque ride among crags and precipices of trap rock set on end in fantastic array. Along the way are openings of fine valleys, thriving ranches, and villages of saucy marmots, or prairie dogs.

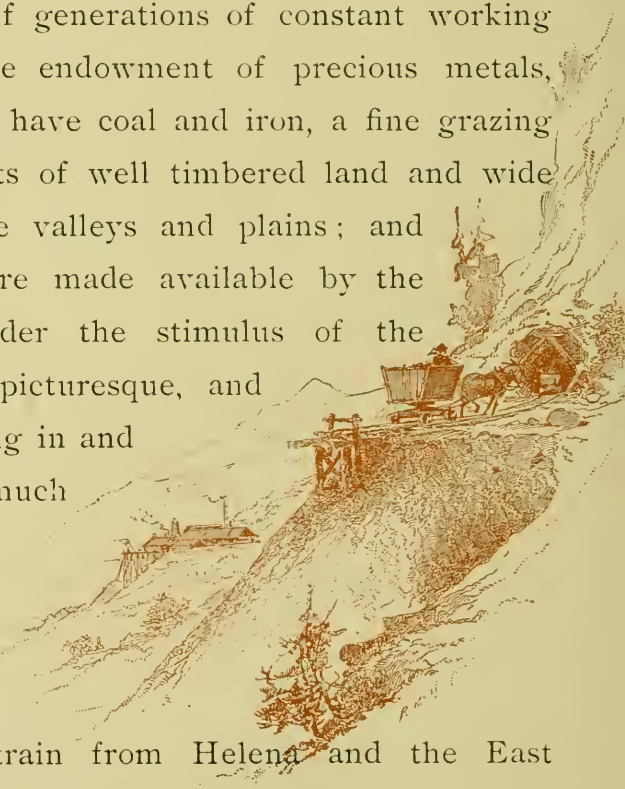
IF THERE is a city in the world built literally on a gold mine it is Helena; the precious dust is still gathered from the very streets and washed from the sands of neighboring streams and rivulets. The heaps of stones and gravel in sight on all sides attest that search for the yellow dross still continues. From its principal street, the old-time "Last Chance" gulch, gold equal to the fortunes of millionaires has been taken. Helena has long been an important center, and is one of the richest cities per capita in the country. A notable feature is the Hot Springs, with Hotel Broadwater and its wonderful Natatorium. The latter is the finest specimen of Moorish architecture in America; its vaulted roof of cathedral glass covers a bathing pool 300 by 100 feet in size, with enormous water supply.



"That portion of the Great Northwest, starting from the west slope of the Cascade Range, running east to Helena, Montana, and north from the Columbia and Snake rivers into British Columbia, contains more wealth in gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, coal, etc., than any other part of the earth."—*Ex-U. S. Senator Warner Miller, in a speech on the Nicaragua Canal.*

HOTEL BROADWATER AND NATATORIUM, HELENA HOT SPRINGS, MONTANA

BUTTE is a mining city, one of the most important in the world. It produces millions of pounds of copper every year, and silver and gold equal to the revenue of a principality. The ground under the city is honeycombed with tunnels and drifts, and palatial business blocks, pretty homes, and mining industries are mixed up in veritable confusion. Even if generations of constant working should exhaust the endowment of precious metals, Montana will still have coal and iron, a fine grazing country, vast tracts of well timbered land and wide stretches of fertile valleys and plains; and these resources are made available by the railways built under the stimulus of the mines. Butte is picturesque, and the railways getting in and out are very much tangled up in the mountains. The first view of the city, after the Great Northern train from Helena and the East emerges from among the rocks, is one of the most striking in the country.



THE MINING CITY OF BUTTE, MONTANA.

LAKE McDONALD lies on the western side of the Montana Rockies, two miles from Belton Station. The lake is eighteen miles long and from one to three miles wide, set like a grand Kohinoor in the midst of Alpine grandeur.

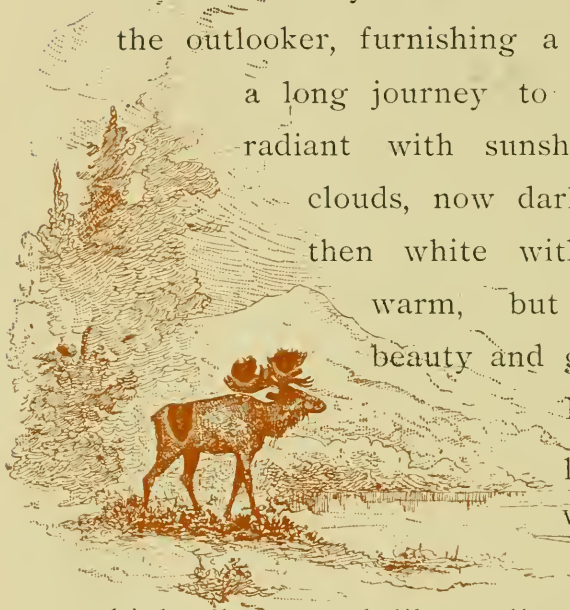
McDonald is destined to become a famous resort in itself for its fishing, hunting, scenic, and health-giving attractions, and come in for a full share of poetic inspiration in verse and artistic reproduction on canvas. Six miles from its head is another lake in the cleft rock, several miles in length, and near by is a vast icy field, covering many square miles, as grand and imposing as any Swiss glacier, and much easier to reach. There are other lakes and glaciers and wonderful sights in this mighty region.

"With every scenic feature that makes the Alpine lakes attractive, with a far greater variety of game and fish, and immunity from the petty exactions of fees and tolls which make traveling in Switzerland vexatious, it is destined to become the leading resort in America as soon as it becomes widely known. Already its annual visitors are counted by scores. Its accommodations are more ample and comfortable than the primitive hostelries at Saranac and St. Regis, in the Adirondacks were, and the promise of a more brilliant history than theirs is before it."--*Charles Hallock in the American Angler.*

LAKE McDONALD, IN THE MONTANA ROCKIES.

WITH many charms of climate and landscape, and possessed of a long and splendid inventory of things that eye, heart, mind, stomach, and pocket might desire, Kalispell, the chief town of the Flathead Valley, has a gratifying future before it. The prairies yield many products; the hills give timber and the streams furnish power to fashion it into useful forms; coal, iron, and precious metals are found; and fountains of water pour down from the Rockies, in whose ponderous recesses are located the first play-grounds of the great rivers of the continent. Twelve miles south of the town is Flathead Lake, the largest body of water in the Rocky Mountains. In only two localities can the Rockies be seen from the deck of a steamboat, and both of these are in Montana, one from Flathead River and lake, and the other from the Missouri River. The magnitude of the rivers and lakes of the Flathead Valley are in keeping with the natural features of Western Montana.

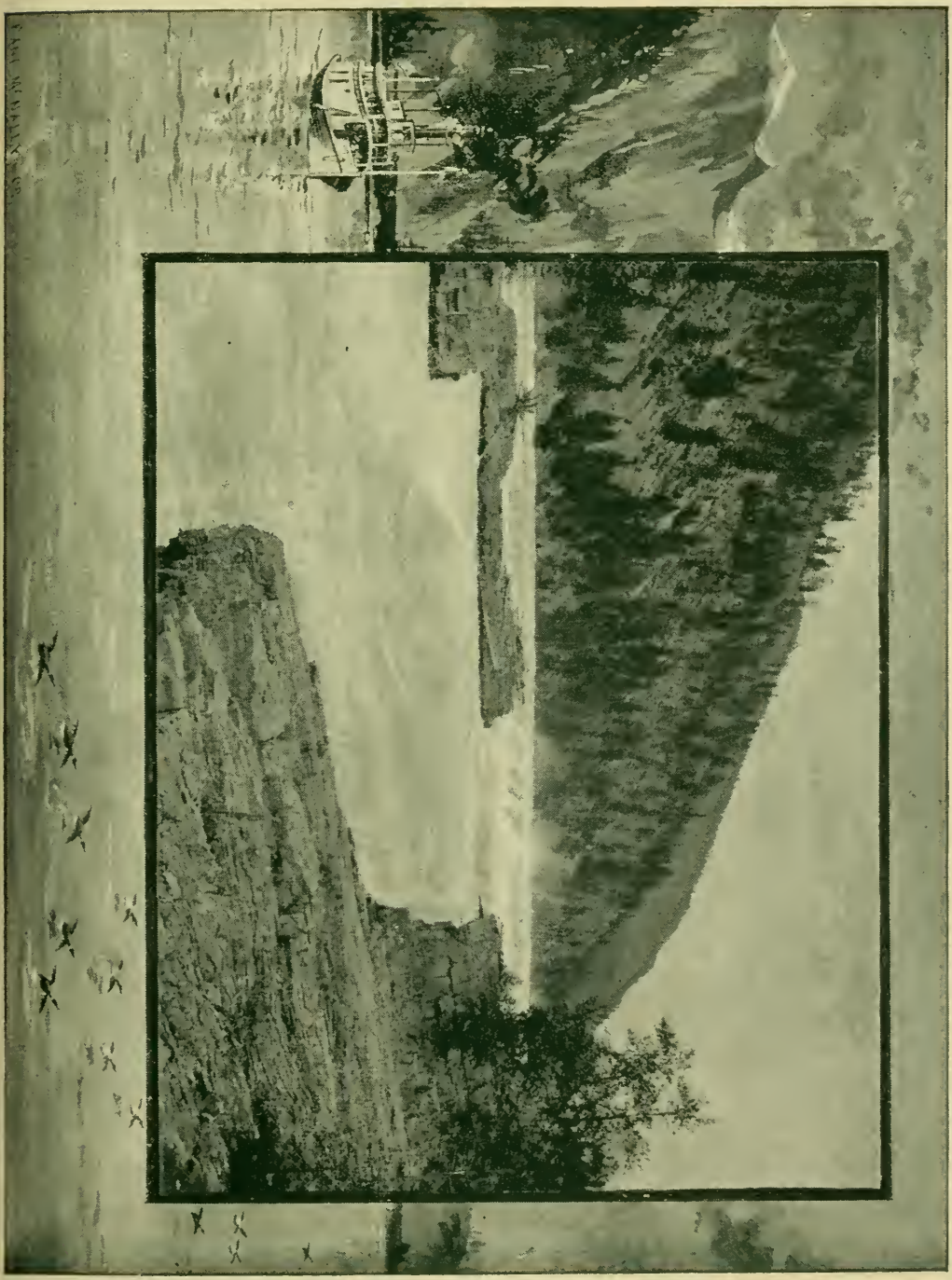
FOY'S LAKES, three in number, lie one above the other, in the hills near Kalispell, in the Flathead Valley of Montana. Mountains circle about the outlooker, furnishing a panoramic view worth a long journey to see. Now the scene is radiant with sunshine, then touched with clouds, now dark with rocks and trees, then white with snow, now cold, now warm, but always inspiring in beauty and grandeur. In front the Rockies lift their ramparts of bare rock, cold with winter and perpetual snow, towering high above park-like valleys sweet with grass and blossoms, and streams and lakes beloved of trout, and the drinking-places of deer at twilight. Vegetation extends a half-mile higher than in the Alps, with richer verdure and greater variety of form and color than in the Swiss Mountains. The air is so clear that the eye seems to take in all space, and the tourist from districts where vision is limited should think twice before guessing distances.



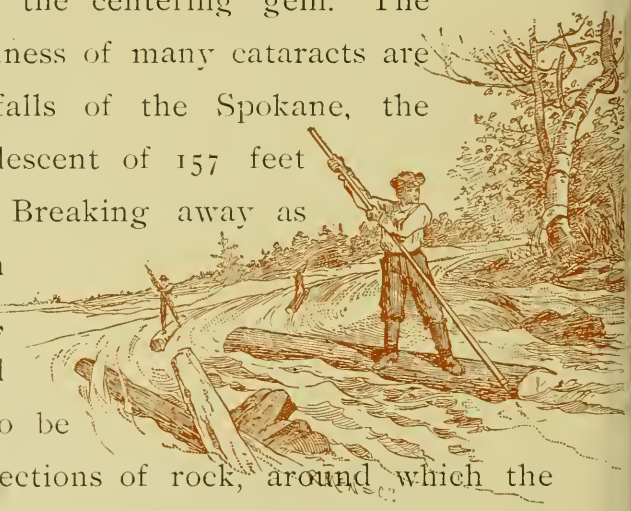
THE Kootenai River is 600 miles long. It rises in British Columbia, the great Columbia River itself having its source within a mile of it. The Columbia circles to the northwest and then south, while the Kootenai runs south and then circles northwest to a union with the Columbia, the two forming almost a gigantic O, and making a vast island far in from the sea. From source to mouth the river winds in and out among hills veined with precious metals. The Great Northern follows the Kootenai for sixty-two miles in Montana and Idaho. It is a glorious ride, and reminds one of the Hudson in picturesque views, except everything is on a grander scale. The river, almost constantly in sight from the car windows, is a majestic stream, clear, swift, and deep. From Bonner's Ferry the river gives direct access to the famous Kootenai Lake mining region of British Columbia. Whittier's familiar words apply:

"Behind the squaw's light birch canoe, the steamer rocks and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale above old Indian graves."

A LARGE rock in the middle of the river divides the hurrying water; the opposite channel, being intercepted by immense boulders, makes a sharp turn and meets the current from the train side, and the two rise in an angry crest, and then subsiding rush furiously to the edges of the now narrowing gorge and boil up like geysers. To the right and above is the seething fall, below the pent-up flood forces its passage through worn but pitilessly hard rock, locked between precipitous hills strewn with broken fragments of granite as though the Titans had tossed in their chips there from their workshop of the world. Compress Niagara, thirty or forty feet of it, into this resounding flume; polarize or turn the river up on edge, and shoot the water, yeasty with submerged bubbles, ahead at the speed of twenty miles an hour, and you have the scene. Salmon make their way up against this boiling flood of waters.

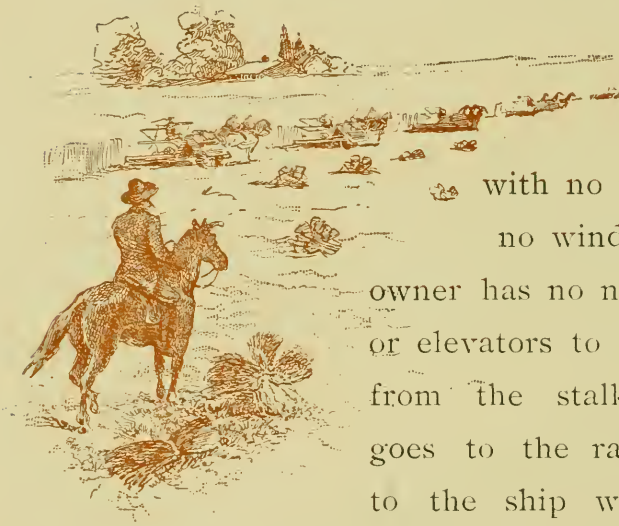


EASTERN WASHINGTON is a panorama capable of expressing every form of scenic grandeur. There is ceaseless variety and no end to anomalies of nature in the wonderful stretch of country known as the "Inland Empire," of which Spokane Falls is the centering gem. The beauty and usefulness of many cataracts are mingled in the falls of the Spokane, the series having a descent of 157 feet in a half mile. Breaking away as the waters do from the level upland, they leap forward over the steeps to be separated by projections of rock, around which the suds-white waters boil and rush, the impulse of the near-by mountains still being strong within them as they do everything but tarry in their eagerness to reach the Columbia, and be part and parcel of that mighty river in its majestic sweep to the sea. The city of Spokane has a population of 30,000, its growth being a marvel even in the West, so noted for phœnix-like upbuilding of cities. Views of this sturdy young city are shown on the next page.



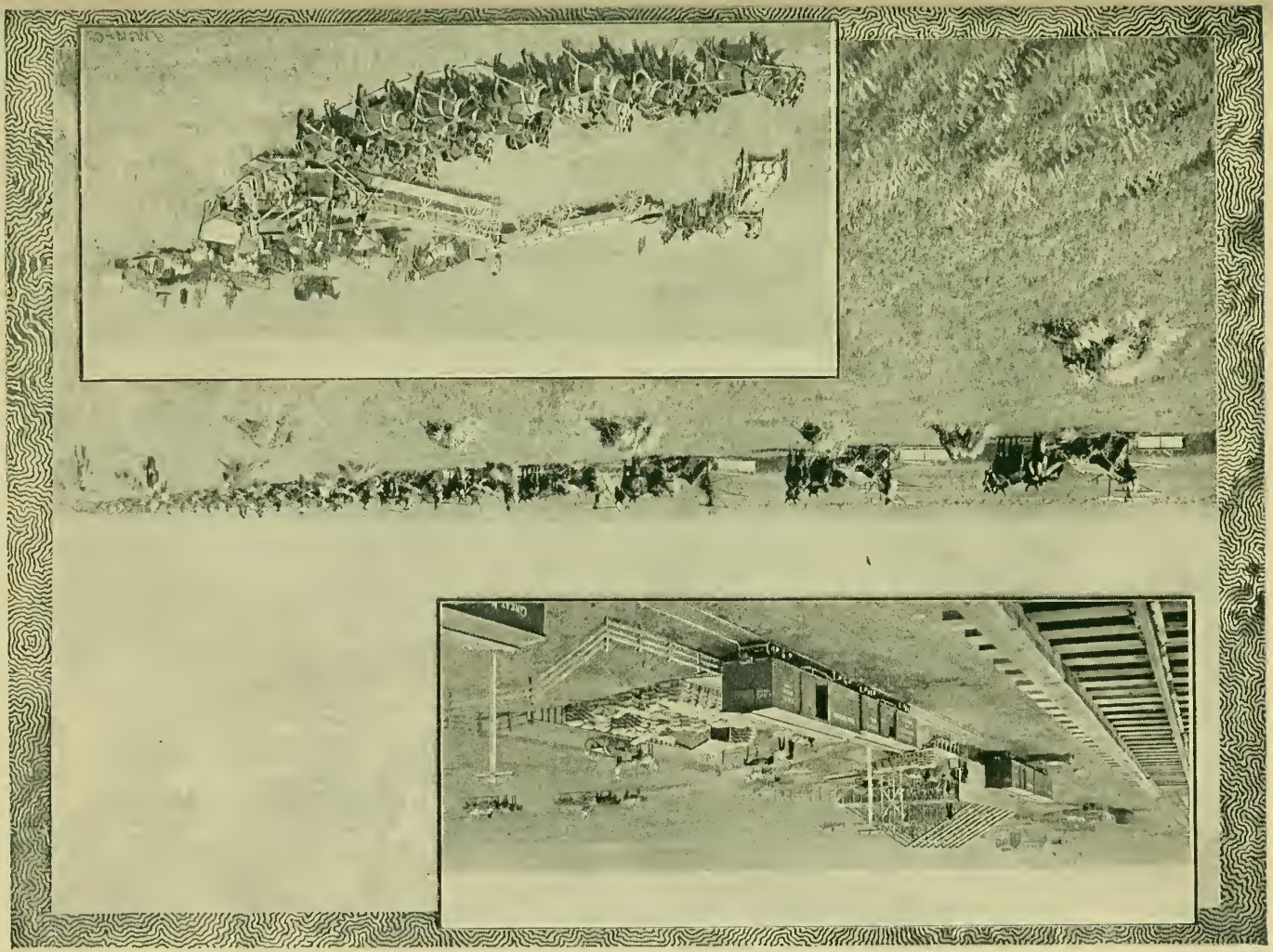
BIRD-EYE VIEWS OF SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.

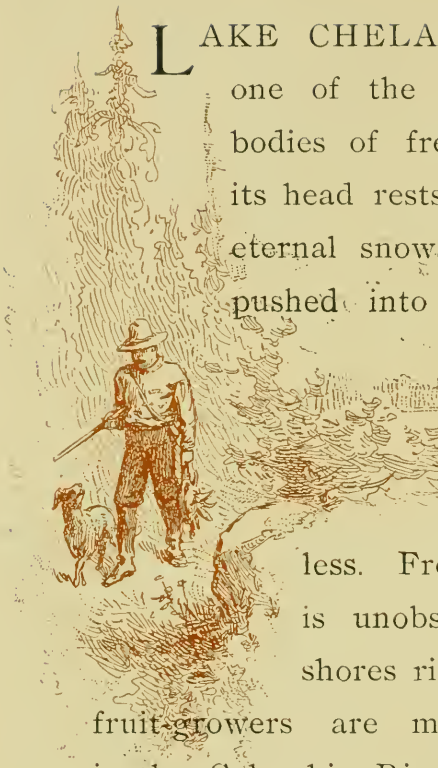
THIS view takes the reader from the self-binders and sky-fenced fields of North Dakota to the wheat-lands of the Big Bend Country of Washington, where a still more complete machine, hauled by twenty to thirty horses, cuts, threshes, cleans, and bags the wheat ready for market. The grain ripens with no rain to rust it and no winds to shell it. The owner has no need of barns, bins, or elevators to store it. In sacks from the stalk and machine it goes to the railway and mill, or to the ship which carries it to foreign countries. Awaiting their turn for shipment the sacks lie in great piles by the track without elevator charges for storage.



The Big Bend region takes its name from the circuit made around it by the second largest stream in America, the Columbia, a brimming river of fleet waters,

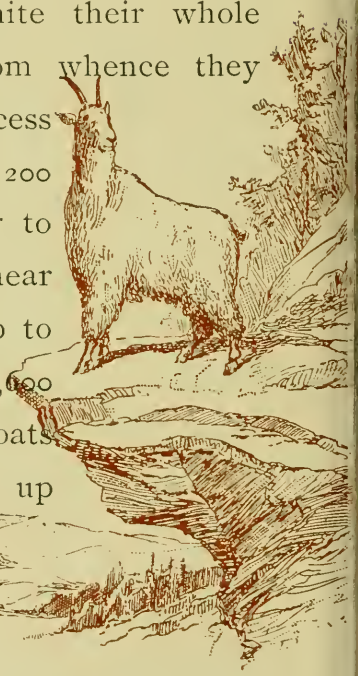
"Running with feet of silver
Over sands of gold."





LAKE CHELAN, in Central Washington, is one of the most striking and impressive bodies of fresh water in America. While its head rests in the midst of glaciers and eternal snows of the Cascades, its foot is pushed into a warm valley, prime with vineyards and peach orchards. In length, width, and depth, it is seventy by one to three miles, and 1,200 feet, more or less. From the outlet, where the view is unobstructed for twelve miles, the shores rise in pretty benches, on which fruit-growers are making homes. To the east is the Columbia River, the terraced ridge between extending for many miles. Steamers ply the lake from the towns of Chelan and Lakeside, which places are accessible via steamers on the Columbia River from Wenatchee. In the lee of the Cascades the weather for the major part of the year is like ripe wine. Days succeed days when the sun sits in his loom with a many-colored warp, weaving beauty in the sky, air, waters, fields, and on the far rim of the circling hills.

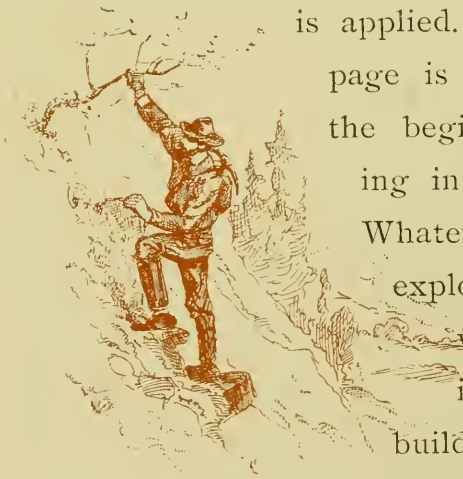
THE upper two-thirds of Lake Chelan is rugged, with forested hills, dizzy cliffs, and snow-clad rocks lifted to the clouds. One stretch of ten miles is through precipitous walls rising from deep water to thousands of feet into the air. Streams of foamy water rush down steep places, white their whole length to the lake as the snow from whence they spring. Rainbow Falls, of easy access from the head of the lake, is over 200 feet high, while up streams, coming to the lake at Round Mountain, near Moore's Hotel, are falls reaching up to the dizzy heights of from 800 to 1,600 feet. White goats with shaggy coats and thin black horns are to be seen up among the rocks and sparse vegetation. This animal is the only one that is said to be increasing in numbers among all the wild denizens of the western mountains, and they are seen here in large flocks. Wonders tread upon beauty's heels in this favored region. The view opposite was taken at an elevation of 3,500 feet, a scene to enrapture artists and enthuse the most prosy people.



THE most imposing mountain scenery in the United States, to be seen from the level of the sea, is in the Cascade range of Washington. With a single exception, it contains the highest peak in the country. Senator G. F. Edmunds of Vermont says this mighty mountain system is

"One of the grandest show-places on the Continent; if Switzerland is the play-ground of Europe, the Cascades should become the scenic resort of all the world."

Nature was not satisfied to crowd attractive variety and beauty into the landscape, but monster tree-growths decorate the foothills and valleys, and jewels of silver and gold are locked in the rocks, whose doors open quickly when the key of industry is applied. The scene on the opposite page is in the Horse Shoe Basin, at the beginnings of the streams leading into the head of Lake Chelan. Whatever may be the object of exploration, the mountain climber will find much to instruct and interest in a study of earth-building in these walls laid bare by the sweep of glaciers and the impulse of volcanic forces.

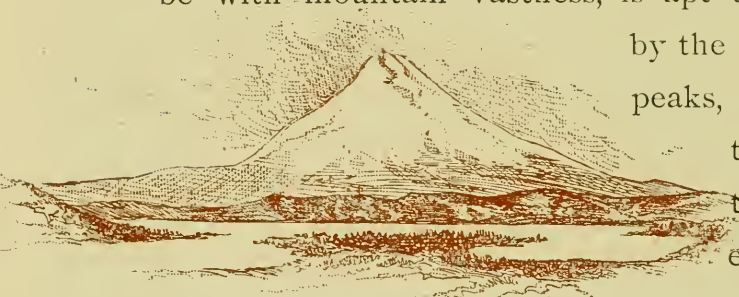


IN THE HORSE SHOE BASIN, LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON

IT IS not to be wondered at that the ancients worshiped mountains, and located the home of the gods up among lofty peaks and clouds. The tiny streams which lead down through Horse Shoe Basin to the head of Lake Chelan are

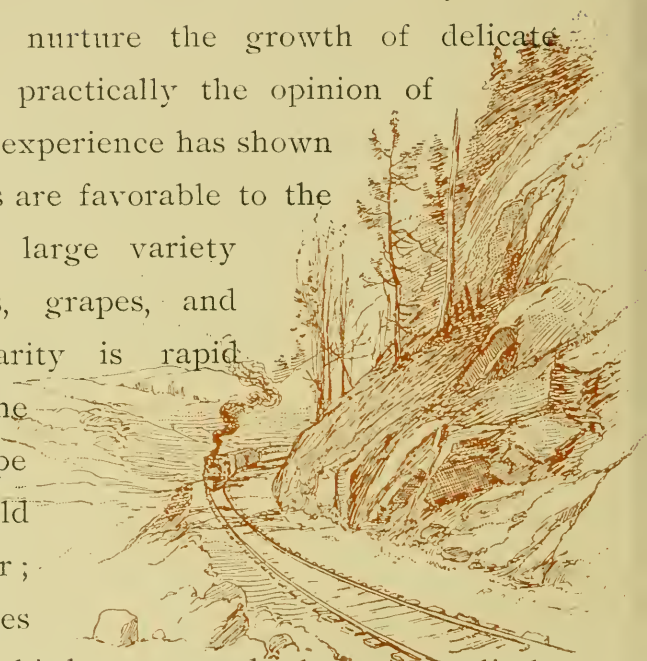
> "Born where the ice-peak feels the noonday's sun,
> And rain-storms on the glacier burst."

The visitor to this region, familiar though he may be with mountain vastness, is apt to be bewildered by the illimitable snow-peaks, the nobility of the ranges, and the savage grandeur of the canyons, where arms of glaciers are seen which seem to pour out of the very sky, and become torrents which roar and foam and fret, in vain endeavor to carve broader pathways to the lake and join waters eager to reach the distant sea. Distance becomes inappreciable, the ideal comes to the front, and the rocky battlements and variegated terraces up among the clouds seem like a vision of the heavenly city. Searchers for precious metals have pushed into these awful gorges and located the shining stuff, even up against the everlasting ice.



HEADWATERS OF THE STEHEKIN. LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.

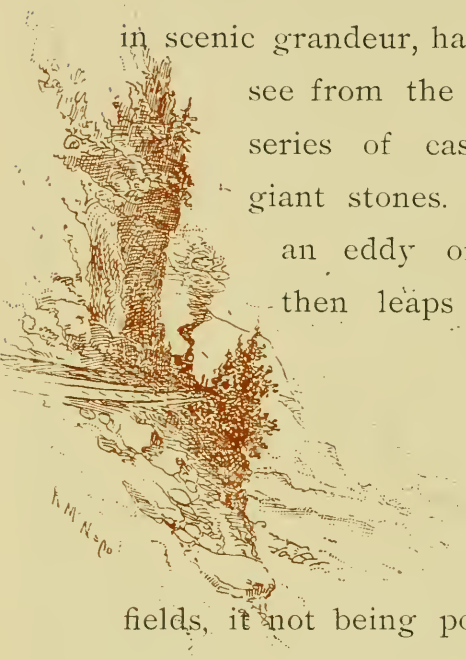
WASHINGTON lies along the international boundary, and to the uninformed may seem too far north to nurture the growth of delicate fruits. This was practically the opinion of early settlers, but experience has shown that all conditions are favorable to the production of a large variety of fruits, berries, grapes, and nuts. A peculiarity is rapid growth and extreme fruitfulness. Grape cuttings will yield the first year; peaches and apples the second and third year, and the young limbs need propping up to keep from breaking down under the weight of fruit. Berries are prolific in yield, growing tons to the acre; indeed, all fruits are noted for large yields, as well as for color, aroma, flavor, and size. This view is of a 4-year-old apple tree in a Wenatchee Valley orchard.



"The business of raising fruits has been aptly termed 'The Sweetened Water Industry.' Water constitutes 90 per cent of the substance of many varieties. Soil is a secondary factor in fruit growth. Where the climate is propitious—pure air, bright sunshine, and suitable warmth—and water is plentiful, the most sterile soil can be made as fruitful as a Nilean garden."

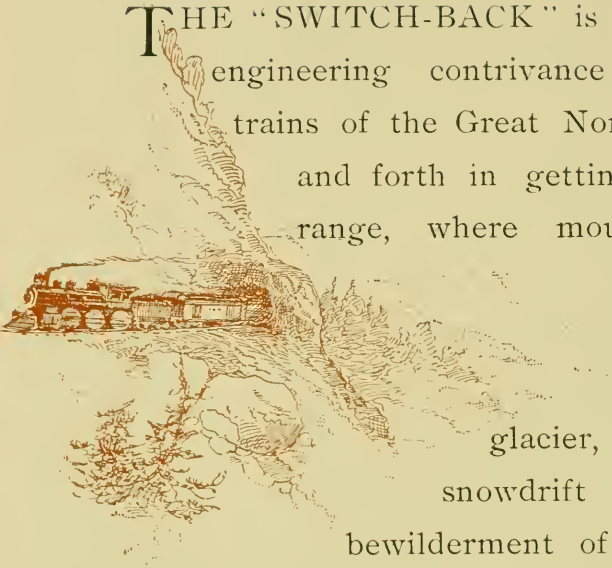
FOUR-YEAR-OLD APPLE TREE IN A WENATCHEE ORCHARD, WASHINGTON.

TUMWATER CANYON is the valley of the Wenatchee River narrowed to a chasm, which, in scenic grandeur, has no rival elsewhere possible to see from the car windows. The river is a series of cascades playing leap-frog over giant stones. Now for a moment it rests in an eddy or hisses in the shallows, and then leaps against resisting rocks and becomes white with foam, and roars above the noise of the train. Streams like white ribbons are flung down from lofty snow-fields, it not being possible to tell where the stream begins or the snow ends. What looks like moss on the distant hills is a forest of pine trees. Walls of rock rise to dizzy heights, and the river alongside boils angrily. Every rod forward presents new scenes, from merely picturesque to exalted and sublime, and one constantly feels with each that no other can furnish so fair and grand a sight.



'As we passed through the Rockies we thought the scenery could not be surpassed, but as we descended into the valley of the Columbia and out of that valley into the Cascade Mountains, we found the scenery grander than that we just left."—*Interview in St. Paul Pioneer Press with Mgr. Satolli.*

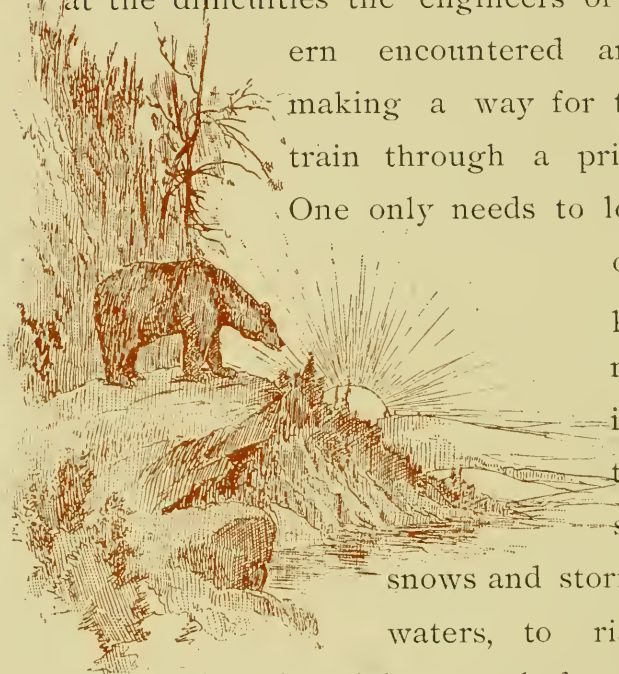
IN TUMWATER (TALKING WATER) CANYON, WASHINGTON.



THE "SWITCH-BACK" is a term applied to the engineering contrivance which enables the trains of the Great Northern to switch back and forth in getting over the Cascade range, where mountains are terraced off in such numbers that they can not be counted, and peak, glacier, canyon, waterfall, and snowdrift intermingled to the bewilderment of the beholder. Each stretch of track is called a leg. There are three legs on the east side and four on the west. The monster iron horses, hitched tandem, haul the cars with seeming ease across the mighty barrier. From one leg or ledge to another the splendid engines keep their steadfast course, for every precaution possible to model management is faithfully observed. The track, like the house of the wise man of the scriptures, is "builded on a rock," and the granite way is as safe as a prairie road.

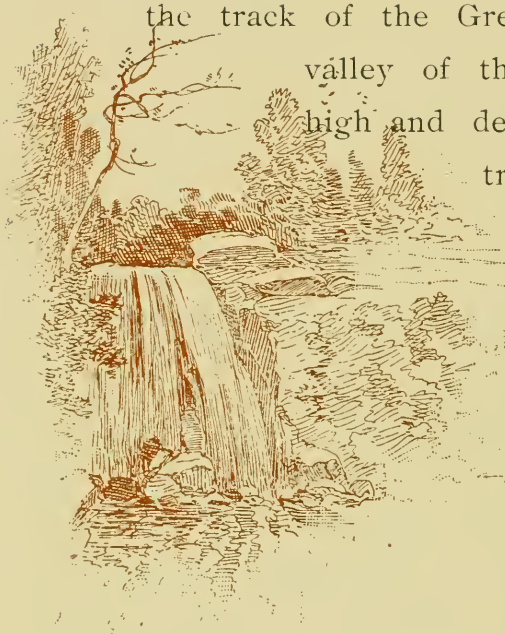
"The scenery is finer than I ever saw on previous transcontinental trips. I doubt if Tumwater Canyon can be surpassed in this country. The Switch-back over the Cascades is a wonderful piece of track, and worth a journey across the continent to see." — *Interview in St. Paul Dispatch with Vice-President Stevenson.*

WHIRLING along, comfortably seated in the cars, the thoughtful person looks with wonder at the difficulties the engineers of the Great Northern encountered and overcome in making a way for the track and the train through a primeval wilderness. One only needs to look ahead, behind, or around to comprehend what it meant to plunge into dense woods, to climb rocky steeps, to face snows and storms, to ford angry waters, to risk life at every turn, and make plain a path for the builders. Profile Rock is in a rocky gorge on the western slope of the Cascades, where powder tore away a jutting point of granite, and left several very striking outlines of the human face. Man seems a demigod when he grasps the hills in his hands, and lays iron ways at pleasure.



"I have seen all portions of the Republic, but never saw such a wonderful combination of mountains, sea, and forest as in the Puget Sound region." — *Ex-Postmaster-General Clarkson, in Iowa State Register.*

PROFILE ROCK, CASCADE MOUNTAINS, WASHINGTON.

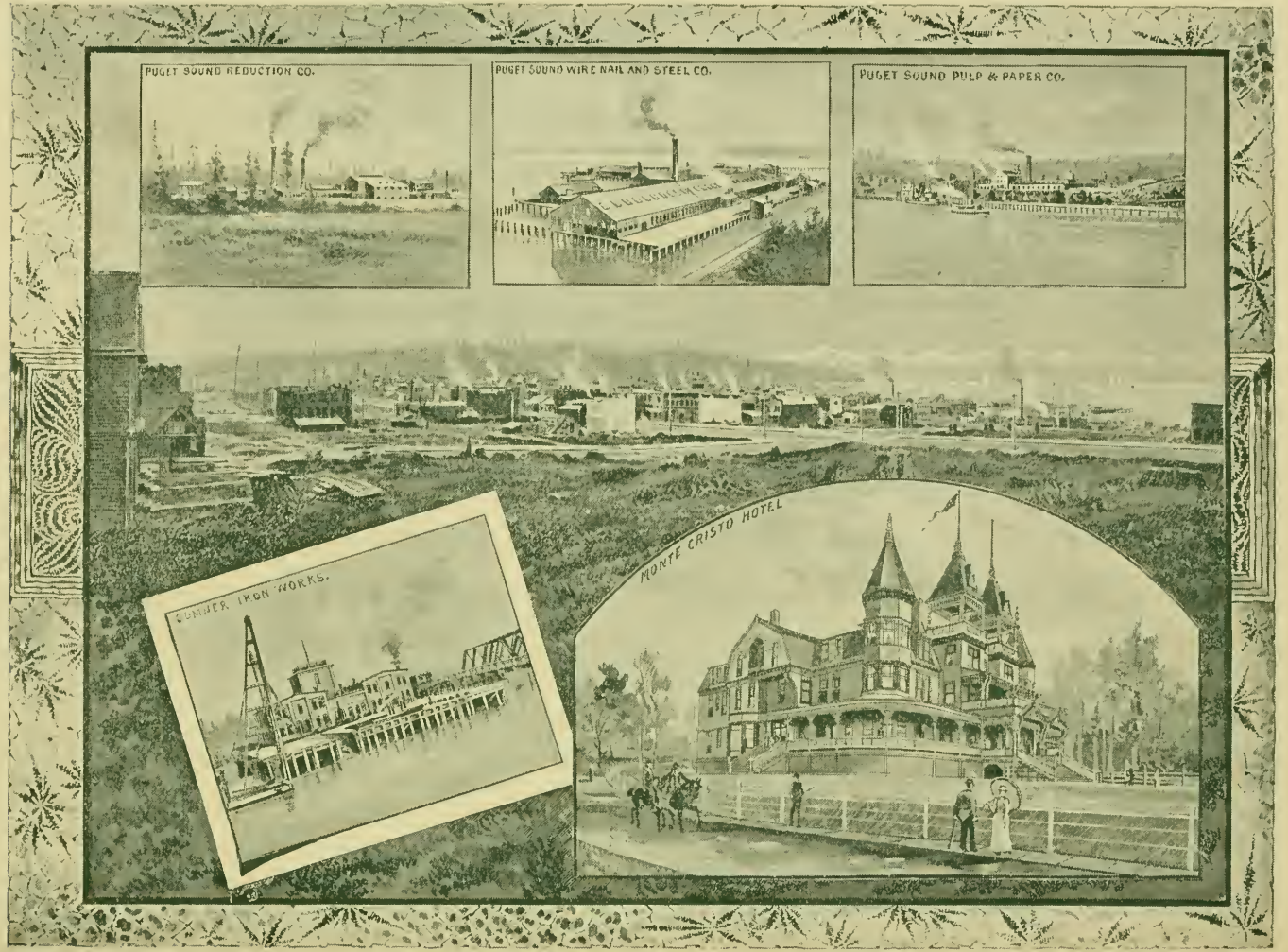


HAVING crossed the main range of the Cascades the track of the Great Northern follows the valley of the Skykomish River. So high and dense are the fir and cedar trees, that the passage cut for the track seems like a canyon. The river alternately widens and narrows, now an even flow, then dashed into foam and suds by opposing rocks, or, by dropping over a precipice, sends a roar off into the forest. As the train nears Index Station, two lofty peaks are sighted, known as South and West Index, and a few minutes later the out-looker is rewarded by a view of North Index, so like a giant finger, standing a full mile higher than the track. Here the most worldly can tarry and feel that it is sacred ground. These hills seem to reach into the very sky, and like the prophet of old talk with Deity and bring answers down through mist and storm to waiting men.

MOUNT INDEX, IN CASCADE RANGE, WASHINGTON.

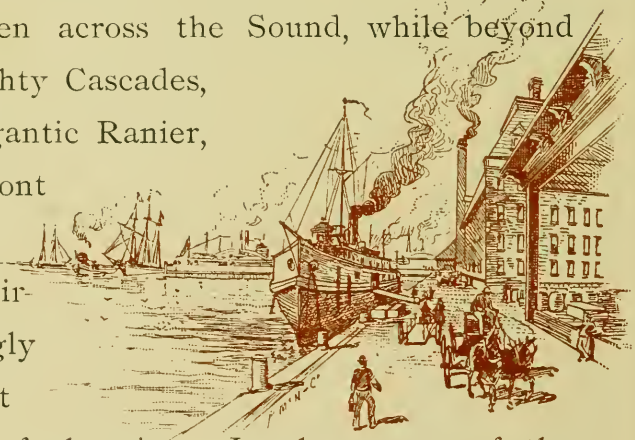
THE cities of Puget Sound: Seattle, the largest, and still growing; Tacoma, the active city of Commencement Bay; New Whatcom and Fairhaven, of sterling worth and promise, on Bellingham Bay; Everett, founded in 1892, a lively place, of which views are shown on the opposite page; Snohomish and Mount Vernon, each prosperous and stanch; Olympia, quaint and pretty, and the capital city; Port Townsend and Victoria, each beautiful in situation, and almost in sight of each other across the Strait of Juan de Fuca; Vancouver, the new commercial city of British Columbia, as Victoria is its capital; and Blaine, the most northwesterly town in the United States. Intervening are villages in the midst of hop fields. Like Kirk Munroe's comprehensive article in *Harper's Weekly*, this page closes as it did with the following:

"There is more, infinitely more, to be said on this fascinating subject of the cities of the sound, but it must be left for another opportunity. In the meantime I would repeat the advice given me by the pilot of a sound steamer, who said, 'Mister, while cruising around these United States hunting for places that are alive and up to the times, if you don't want to get left, just keep your eye pretty steady on Puget Sound.'"

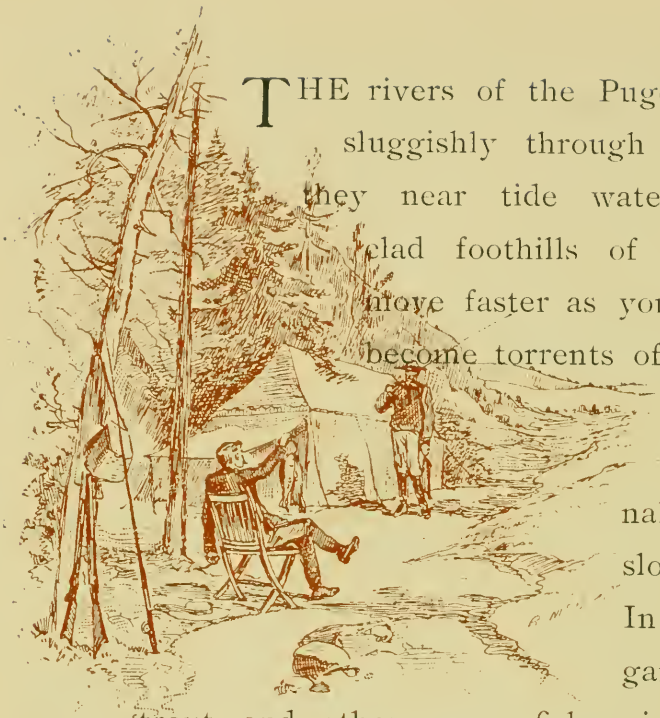


VIEWS OF THE CITY OF EVERETT, WASHINGTON.

BEGINNING with a saw-mill on the shore of Elliott Bay, Seattle has grown to be a city, clearing every step of the way through dense woods, climbing first the naturally terraced hills back of the original business center on the bay shore, afterward spreading out north and south over less abrupt slopes, and finally sweeping over hills and valleys to Lake Washington with cable cars and continuous streets. With navigable fresh water on one side and salt tide water on the other, Seattle is singular and unique. From the high residence district the snow-clad Olympics are seen across the Sound, while beyond the lake the mighty Cascades, dominated by gigantic Ranier, show a rugged front along the eastern horizon, with their foothills seemingly right in the front and back yards of the city. In the waters of the Sound are seen the white wings of tea ships coming, and wheat ships going, and every manner of craft bearing away lumber, coal, and varied commodities to foreign countries.



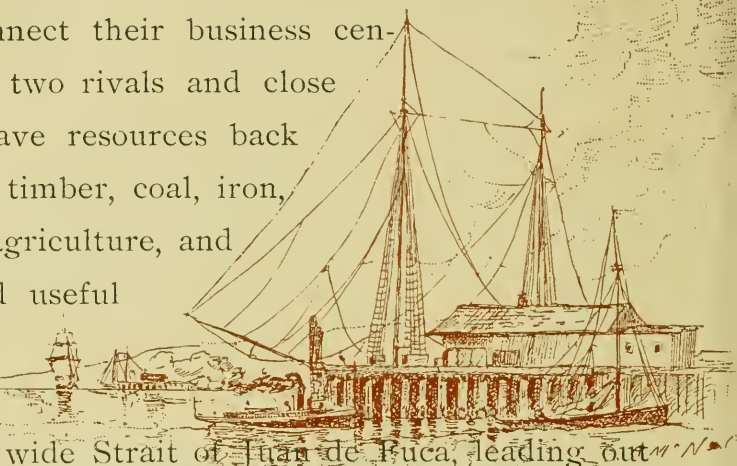
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SEATTLE. OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS ACROSS THE BAY.



THE rivers of the Puget Sound basin flow sluggishly through alluvial bottoms as they near tide water. Up in the fir-clad foothills of the Cascades they move faster as you ascend, until they become torrents of white foamy water that roar and leap from eternal snow-banks and slow-moving glaciers. In every stream, regardless of size, the trout and other game fishes in hungry eagerness await the fisherman. Wheels moved by the current, and nets, seines, and traps capture by tons the finny inhabitants of the bright waters. The Columbia River and Puget Sound practically supply the world with canned salmon. The question of fishing in Washington is considered from a commercial standpoint rather than that of sport, for the waters of the State, both salt and fresh, swarm with life. The variety and abundance of fish of the best quality are as strikingly characteristic of Puget waters as are its forests, soil products, and climate.

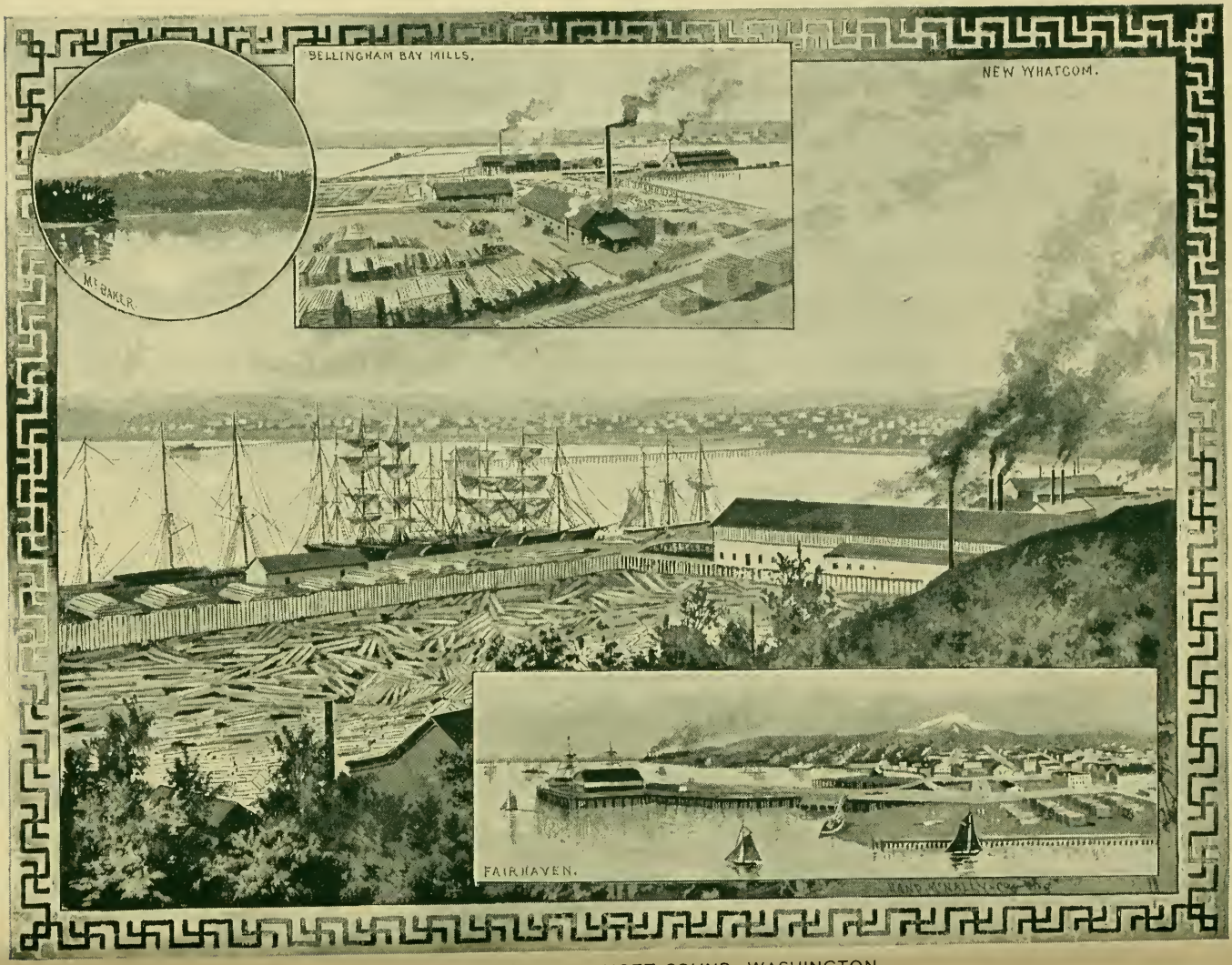
FISHING VIEWS IN WASHINGTON.

FAIRHAVEN and New Whatcom, with 12,000 people, touch elbows around the beautiful crescent of Bellingham Bay; a broad highway and electric cars connect their business centers. These two rivals and close neighbors have resources back of them of timber, coal, iron, fish, fruits, agriculture, and precious and useful metals, and in front of them is the wide Strait of Juan de Fuca, leading out to the ocean and world; all about is grand mountain and marine scenery. Tourists to this locality should not fail to cruise in that rare inland sea, the San Juan Archipelago, with its many bold and forest-clad islands, which face the strait and shelter from Pacific winds innumerable deep coves, placid bays, and picturesque channels, among



> "Bright hills that wind in smiling waves away;
> Green valleys melting into vapors gray;
> And banks and brooks that by their music earn
> Fair coin of sweetbriars and plumes of fern."

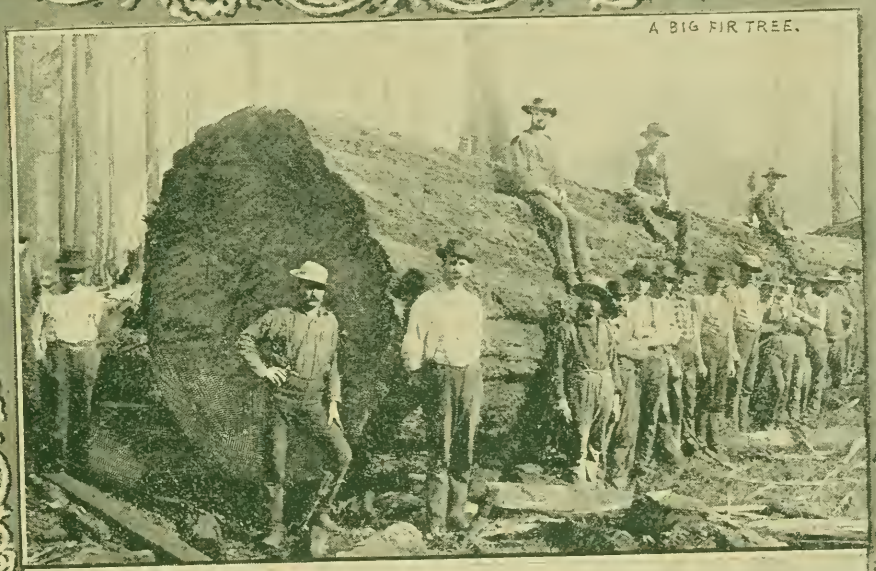
Thrown over all is a sky divinely mild and blue, and the climate is one to charm a misanthrope.



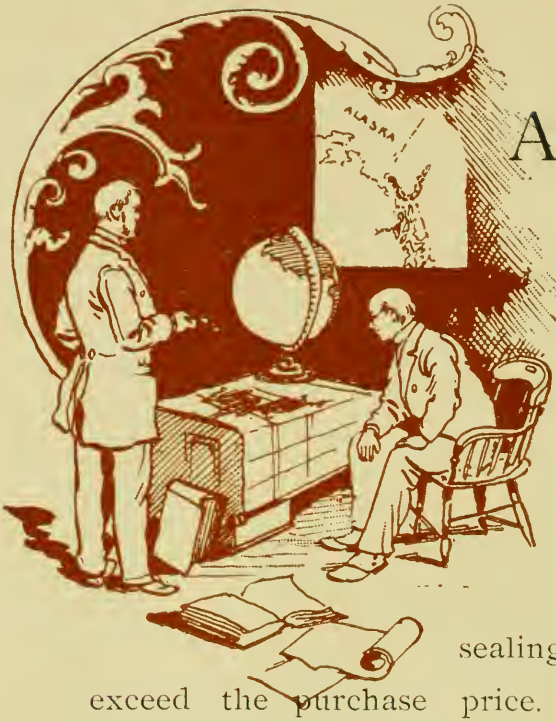
ON BELLINGHAM BAY, PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON.

THE Puget Sound region contains the largest and finest forests of fir and cedar trees in the world. Fir is noted for its strength, flexibility, lightness, tenacity, and evenness of fibre, nail-holding qualities, and freedom from knots and defects, and is in demand among ship and bridge builders all over the earth. Cedar is the shingle material of the country, it not being subject to wet or dry rot, and never warps. There are over 250 shingle mills at work on Puget Sound from Blaine, the most northwesterly town in the Union, to Olympia, at the very head of the sea. Both firs and cedars grow to a great height and thickness. Lumber was shipped last year to thirty different foreign countries.

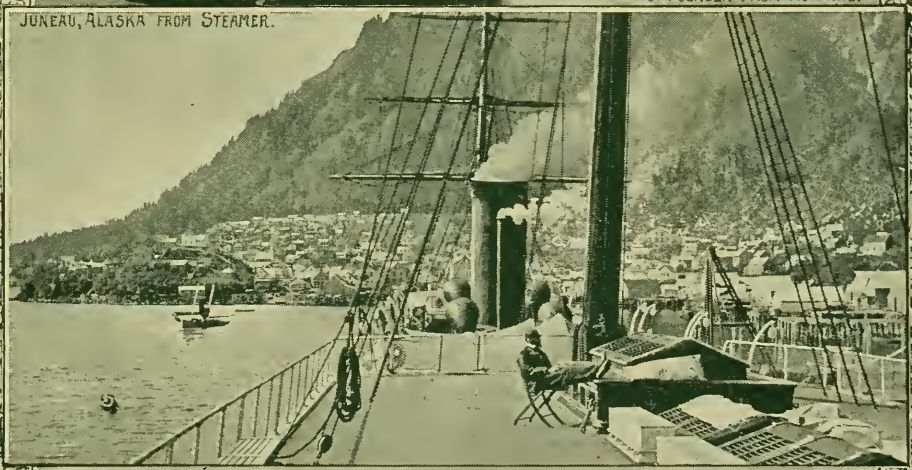
"Whulge" is the Siwash or Chinook Indian name for the splendid combination of waters bearing the title of Puget Sound, so called in honor of Peter Puget, Captain Vancouver's third lieutenant, who explored the shores of the winding sea, measured its depths, saw the towering peaks of Baker and Ranier, and dreamed in those summer days of 1792 that he had entered the river which connected the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The way to the Atlantic was not one of water; it came a hundred years later in man-made ways of steel.



BLAINE, WASHINGTON. — THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE UNION.



ALASKA is the Russian America of the old geographies. Its purchase by our country was the largest real-estate deal on record. It was thought to be a bad bargain, but commissions paid our Government by a sealing company already exceed the purchase price. Its chief crops were believed to be icebergs, polar bears, and seals, but it has proven to be prodigally rich in minerals, furs, and fish. To the tourist, sight-seeker, and scientist, however, it is a wonderland. The trip among its picturesque islands and placid seas, with nightless days, in sight of marvelous glaciers, icy fields, and the loftiest mountains in America, with queer people and life, is said by travelers to be a protracted marine picnic, all the way from Puget Sound to Sitka. The Great Northern Railway sells round-trip tickets for this fascinating American journey.



ALASKAN SCENES—FORT WRANGEL—JUNEAU – MUIR GLACIER.

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